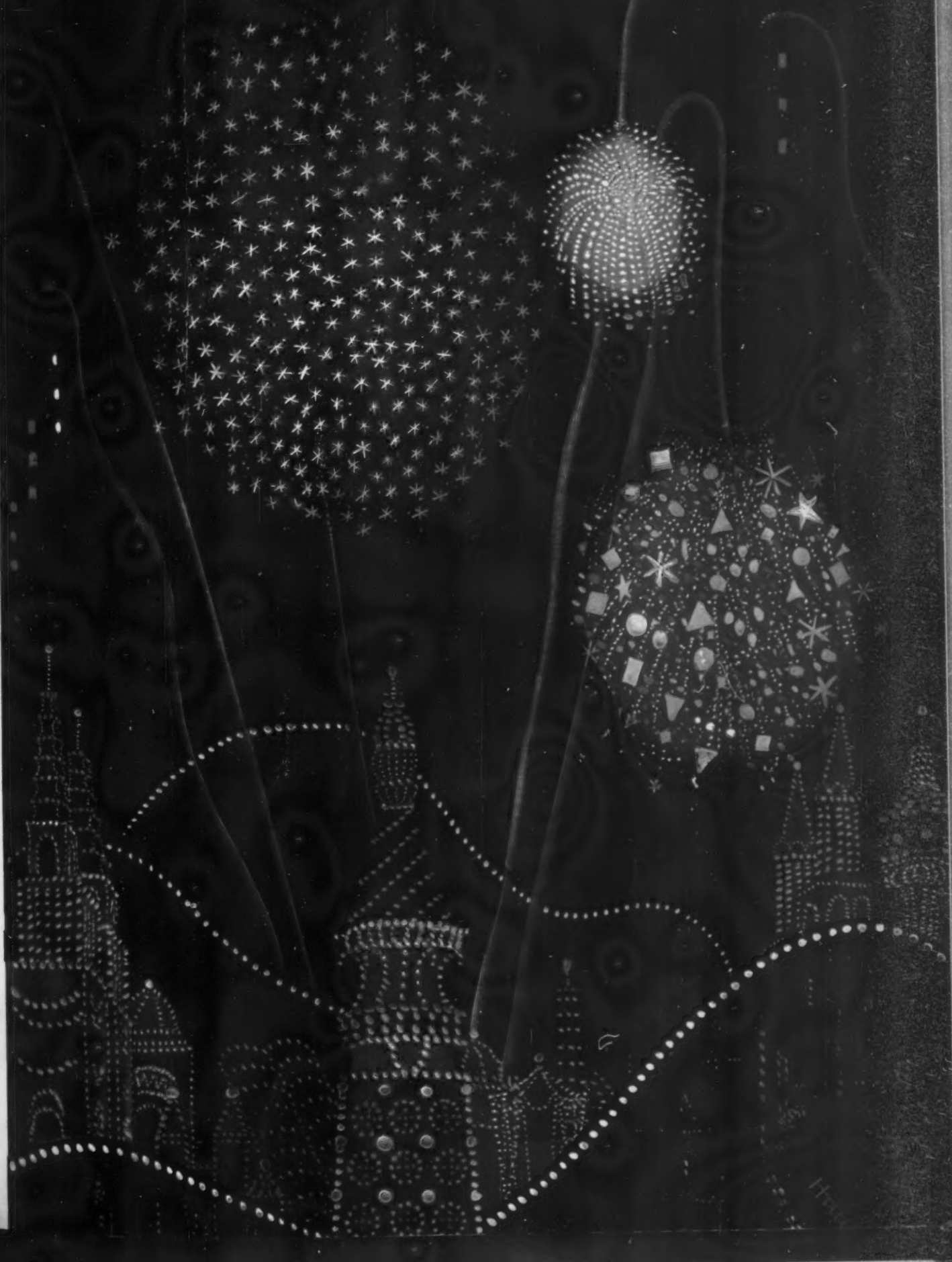
REF. STACK 5

July 6, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



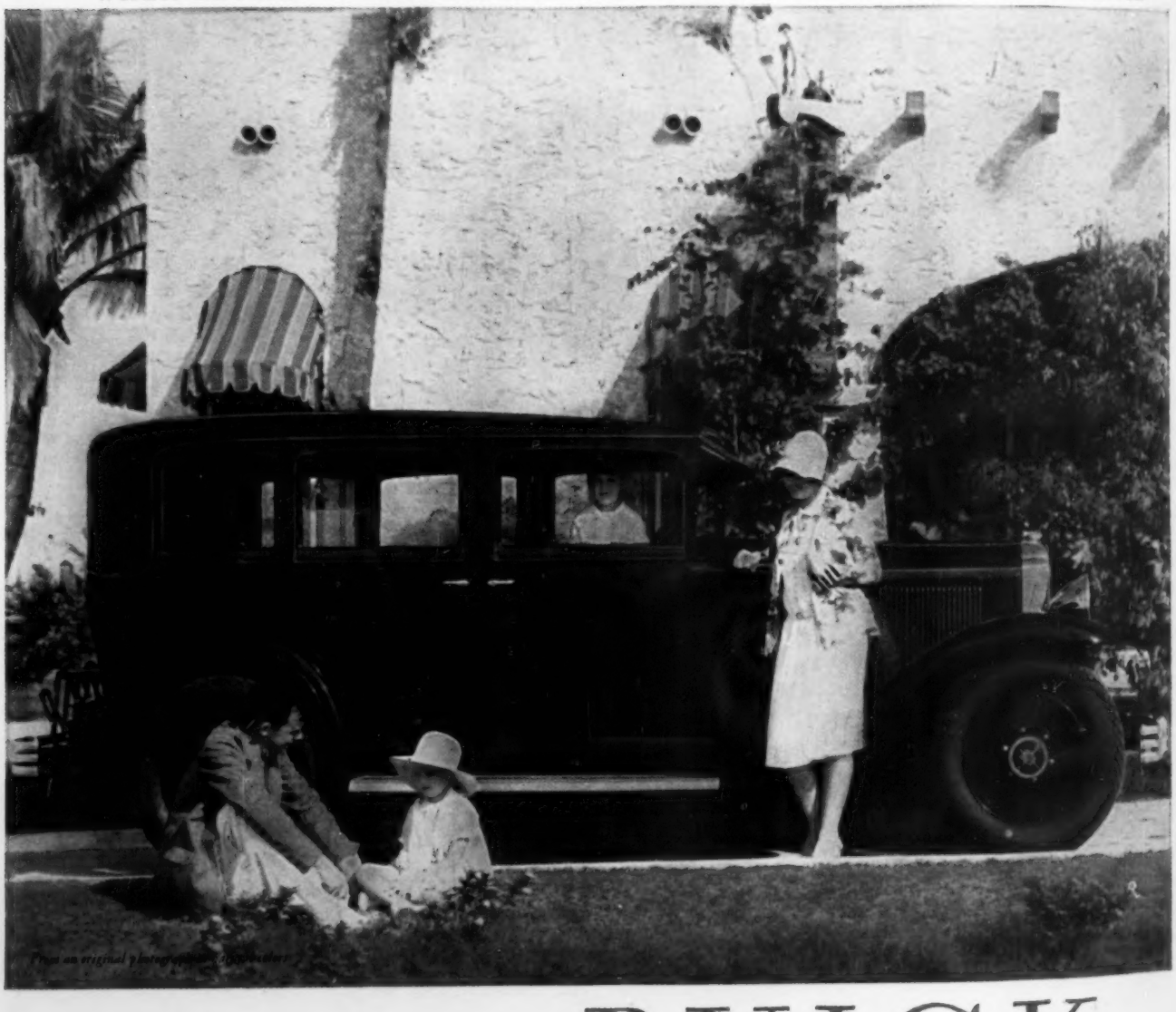
Beauty, yes . . . . . and supreme *Performance* as well

The thrill of Buick's new order of performance and the beauty of Buick's new Masterpiece Bodies by Fisher create an appeal so powerful that more than twice as many people purchase Buicks as any other car priced above $1200!

Buick Motor Company, Flint, Michigan — Division of General Motors Corporation

New York Branches: Broadway at 55th St., Broadway at 230th St.
Brooklyn Branches: Flatbush at 8th Ave., Atlantic at Grand Ave. — *Newark Branch:* 497 Broad St.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



BUICK

B. ALTMAN & CO.

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS . . . . FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

One of the most notable collections of Summer Sports Apparel assembled stresses these new notes

SPORT JACKETS of royal blue flannel or sand-coloured wool gabardine . . . . FLANNEL TROUSERS in pastel shades of blue and brown to wear with these jackets . . . . BEACH ROBES of terry in light solid colours cut and tailored like polo coats . . . . BATHING SUITS in a smart variety of simple, two-tone designs—light shirts for darker shorts.

SPORTSWEAR—FIRST and SIXTH FLOORS

What BEAUTY has learned from the beast

Compounded of dasypodine hormones, Amor Skin feeds youth into subcutaneous cells and removes wrinkles from the skin

SCIENCE has turned back Time and given to women new years of youth!

Dasypodine hormones—glandular secretions from a vital species of tortoise—have been found to feed new life into subcutaneous cells and banish all wrinkles from the skin.

Modern knowledge of these hormone substances and their youthifying effects has led to the perfection of Amor Skin. Amor Skin revitalizes because it meets and conquers the *cause* of the marks of time.

Hormone famine comes to everyone

It is a sad but inexorable law that Nature builds beauty only to destroy it. As early as twenty-five, youth begins to fade; Time to etch into the face. Scarcely perceptible at first, the lines grow deeper and more numerous with each passing year.

Hormone famine is the cause. At the age of twenty-five the hormone output of certain glands of internal secretion begins to dwindle. Without this life-giving substance tissues break down. Under the skin, cells begin to die. Not enough new cells form to replace the old ones, and soon the tissue is composed more of dead cells than living. Dryness, dearth—set in. Faces sag, and on the surface of the skin wrinkles and crow's-feet appear.

Amor Skin feeds in youth hormones

Then it is that Amor Skin brings you new life. Right through outer layers of skin its youth hormones penetrate and enter the tissue cells beneath. Revitalization begins! Dying cells live, living cells multiply! The tissues grow stronger—firmer—younger! They taut—shove up from beneath, and *push* the wrinkles out of the skin!

Amor Skin was perfected by a famous German specialist in organotherapy.

Compounded originally at enormous cost, it was until recently available only to a few women of European nobility. Gladly they paid exorbitantly for its priceless boon of youth.

Now it is formulated on a slightly larger scale, and is being offered to a limited number of women in America.

Watch wrinkles fade and youth return

Avail yourself at once of this European discovery. It is sold in two formulae. Amor Skin Number 1, of single strength, and Amor Skin Number 2, of double strength, for more obstinate cases.

Its application is simplicity itself. Its success depends upon its daily use.

The genuine Amor Skin is always packed in the characteristic lamp-shaped package and each package is numbered and sealed.

Do not, when you buy Amor Skin, expect overnight results. Slow starvation of the cells put those wrinkles and sags into your face. They will not disappear until life is returned to the cells by the youth hormones of Amor Skin.

But start Amor Skin treatments at once. Be faithful in your night-by-night application. Little by little the tissues will firm, the wrinkles will fade . . . Look now into your mirror! It is a flawless, fair face that shines back at you, radiant with glorious youth!

Our present source of supply will permit only twenty thousand women in America to buy Amor Skin during 1929.

Amorskin Corporation N.Y.-F
205 E. 42nd St., New York

I should like to know more about the scientific way in which Amor Skin erases wrinkles and returns youth to the skin. Please send your descriptive booklet to

M.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

AMOR SKIN

OPOTERAPIA BERLIN

AMOR SKIN NUMBER 1 (SINGLE STRENGTH) $16.50

AMOR SKIN NUMBER 2 (DOUBLE STRENGTH) $25.00

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 20, July 6, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

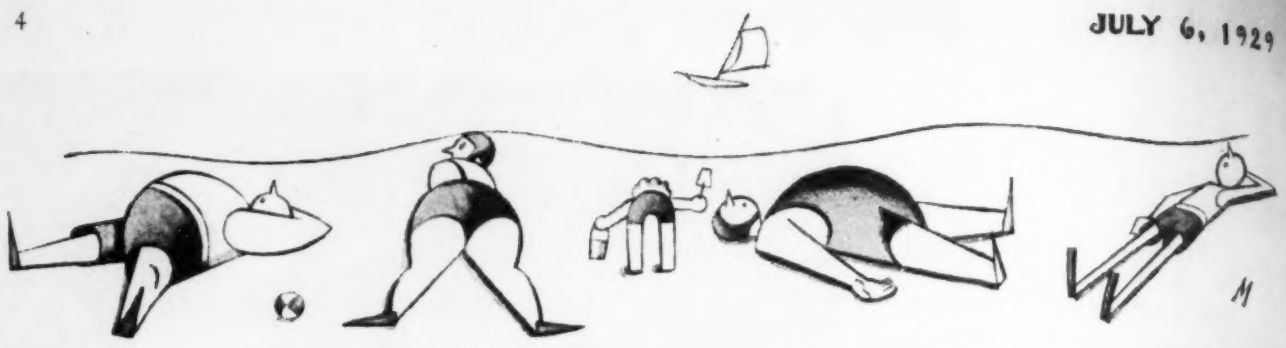
..Do you know about our $22.74 Dress Department ?

YOU SHOULD!

Because, there you can buy delightful things for every minute of the day, from matin song to midnight revel. You'll find that this department, thoroughly explored, provides a complete and very charming summer wardrobe, at a startlingly modest expenditure. It is called the

MARVELLE DEPARTMENT
Third Floor, East Building

MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway
New York



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JULY 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 13. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BIRD IN HAND—Three travellers aid the daughter of a stubborn old English innkeeper to marry against her father's wishes. A quietly amusing comedy by John Drinkwater. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—The Guild pauses in its uplift work to entertain with an unimportant though Czechoslovakian comedy. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs..2:40 P.M.)

JONESY—Unassuming and fairly diverting farce of family life in a medium-sized American city. (Bijou, 45, W.)

JOURNEY'S END—The war as seen from a British officers' dugout. A singularly beautiful and moving play. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LET US BE GAY—A divorced couple meet at a houseparty three years after. Rachel Crothers' amusing comedy, with Francine Larrimore. (Little, 44, W. 2:45 P.M.)

NICE WOMEN—An impecunious flapper wisecracks her way into a good marriage. (Longacre, 48, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—The heroine solves a murder mystery, and you'd know how she was going to do it if you were bright enough. By A. A. Milne. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:25 and 8:25 P.M.)

STREET SCENE—Magnificent objective study of a *crime passionnel* in a New York tenement. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

WITH MUSIC

FOLLOW THRU—Does for the country club what "Good News" did for higher education. One of the best musicals in town. (46th Street, 46, W.)

GRAND STREET FOLLIES—Annual satirical revue of Broadway's season. Recently revised and improved. (Booth, 45, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—The prizefight theme in a swift and pleasant musical comedy. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—Dark gaiety and dancing which begins marvellously but doesn't sustain itself. (Hudson, 44, E. Mat. Thurs.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—A lively, smart summer revue with Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE NEW MOON—Operatic love, misunderstanding, and adventure in old Louisiana. (Imperial, 45, W.)

A NIGHT IN VENICE—A rowdy Shubert extravaganza, with the engaging Ted Healy as master of ceremonies. (Shubert, 44, W.)

WHOOPEE—The usual Ziegfeld lavishness and beauty, with the dynamic Eddie Cantor to keep you amused. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," a delightful commentary on yesterday's theatre, is at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is a few blocks from the theatre. By motor, use Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—You can still see Molly Picon at the Palace on Fri., July 5; Nina Gordani will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., July 6. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47; 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

GREAT DAY!—The new Vincent Youmans musical comedy. Opens Tues., July 9. (Cosmopolitan, B'way at 59, 8:30 P.M.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—A revue with Will Mahoney; sketches by Eddie Cantor. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

SHOW GIRL—A musical comedy based on J. P. McEvoy's stories, with music by George Gershwin. Ruby Keeler, and Clayton, Jackson, and Durante are in the east. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

FOR DINING AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—The Italian Garden for dinner dancing in the Park Avenue manner.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Joseph Urban décor and music by Emil Coleman's and Leo Reisman's orchestras; dancing during dinner and after the theatre.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his band during dinner and supper in cool and agreeable surroundings.*

ROOFS—Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Murray Hill 7600), dinner and dancing in a Persian Garden; open until 11:30 P.M. Must dress. . . . St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), Vincent Lopez music in a blue-and-gold setting; open until 2 A.M. Must dress. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100), worth the trip for the harbor view. . . . Other roofs and near-roofs are: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33; and Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45, not up-in-the-air, but cool nevertheless.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Two of the more interesting after-theatre places of this type are: Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, where the roof slides back on warm nights; and Casanova Roof, 134 W. 52, which will reopen July 9.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

HARLEM—You cannot get into some of the most amusing places without a knowing guide, but you will find The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Small's, 7 Ave. at 134, worth visiting. Go about 2 A.M. for the late shows.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—A few roadhouses within an hour's drive of Times Square are: Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246, outdoor dining and dancing; open until 2 A.M. . . . Pavillon Royal, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., music by Abe Lyman and his Californians; open until 2 A.M. . . . Show Place, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., Texas Guinan, very much in person; open all night. . . . For Coney Island sea-food dinners: Feltmans' Maple Garden, Surf Ave., Coney Island; and Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

ALIBI—Night clubs, holdups, and even the domestic moments of the police and the crooks.

(Continued on page 6)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE WAYWARD PRESS	26
SHOUTS AND MURMURS	32
BOXING	37
TEE AND GREEN	39
LONDON LETTER	42
THE RACE TRACK	44
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
THIS AND THAT	48
POPULAR RECORDS	51
THE TENNIS COURTS	54
THE OARSMEN	56
THE CURRENT CINEMA	58
POLO	59
THE SKY LINE	61
RECENT BOOKS	64
AMONG THE NEW BOOKS	66

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
BRYANT 6300

MUST ONE SUFFER TO BE SMART ?

ITS glorious to be tan, golden of skin, bronzed; but it's torment to be blistered and burned—it's ugly, and sometimes it's even dangerous.

But you can have the smart tan *without* the painful burning which so coarsens your skin. Dorothy Gray has perfected a new preparation which *permits* tanning but *prevents* burning. Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream prevents sunburn by removing the cause.

Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream *actually absorbs that portion of the ultra-violet ray which causes sunburn.* Most sunburn preventives put a heavy, greasy coating on the skin, which prevents both tan and burn, just as a protective garment would do. But Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream is entirely different. It is a fragrant liquid which sinks readily into the skin, where it absorbs that part of the sun's rays which is responsible for burning. Thus it absolutely prevents painful sunburn, while at the same time it allows you to take on a rich, becoming, healthy tan.

A bottle of Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream costs only two dollars and will ordinarily last you an entire season. It is on sale at leading shops everywhere and at the Dorothy Gray Salons.

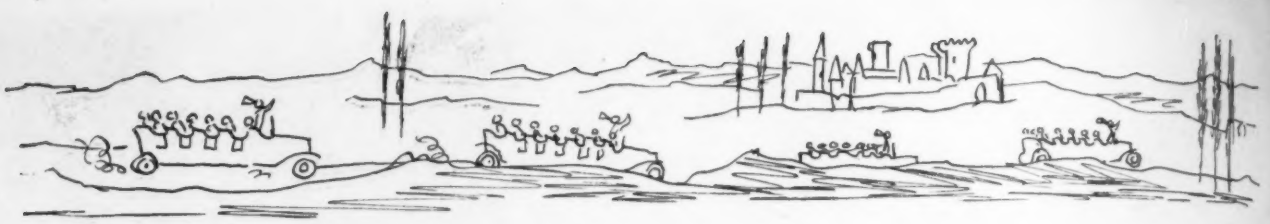
© D. G., 1929

DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JULY 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 13. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

(Continued from page 4)

make this a thoroughly exciting movie. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:45 A.M.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Lights and shadows, camera work at its best, lift this thriller above the average. Ronald Colman is the star. (Apollo, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

THE FOUR FEATHERS—English heroics in Africa, with the wild beasts of the jungle providing the real interest. Silent. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THUNDERBOLT—Underworld activities and prison-cell jocularities very well depicted, featuring George Bancroft. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "The Cocoanuts," with the Marx brothers as uproariously funny as ever; "Madame X," a relic of big drama renovated with telling effect, and splendidly acted by Ruth Chatterton; "The Trial of Mary Dugan," good courtroom picture, with Norma Shearer telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

ART

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger group, Billings, Blume, Dickinson, Kuniyoshi, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

DECORATION—Another show of what is called Modern Art, for home use: Contempora Exposition of Art and Industry, Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Masters of the French school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

INTERNATIONAL—Some of the American left wing, with foreigners of a kindred spirit: Neumann, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

SUMMER SHOW—Some unknown natives and foreigners: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M. (Take B'way-7 Ave. subway to Eastern P'kway-Brooklyn Museum Sta.)

NOTE—The exhibit of contemporary American decorative art at the Metropolitan Museum will continue through the summer. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts daily at 8:45 P.M.; Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. on Central Park Mall. . . . Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. on N. Y. U. Campus. (Take East Side-Jerome Ave. subway to N. Y. U.-Burnside Ave. Sta. and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic - Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting; nightly at 8:30 P.M., starting Fri., July 5: Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway or Bus No. 3.)

STARLIGHT OPERA—Outdoor opera, "Rigoletto," Thurs., July 11, at 8:30 P.M.: Starlight Stadium, Bronx River at 177. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177 St. Sta.)

ON THE AIR

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic - Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting: Sat. Eves., July 6 and 13, at 8:30 P.M., over WOR.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Classical jazz program, Shilkret conducting: Sat., July 6, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—Sun., July 7, at 11:30 P.M., over WEAF.

LIGHT OPERA—Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado:" Mon., July 8, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., July 9, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Brooklyn, Sat., July 6, at 3 P.M.; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Sun., July 7, at 1:45 P.M. (doubleheader), Mon. and Tues., July 8 and 9, at 3:15 P.M.; Giants vs. Chicago, Wed., July 10, at 3:15 P.M., Thurs., July 11, at 1:45 P.M. (doubleheader), Fri., July 12, at 3:15 P.M., and Sat., July 13, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—Kid Chocolate vs. Ignacio Fernandez: Ebbets Field, Sullivan St., just off Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, Wed. Eve., July 10; main bout about 10 P.M., preliminaries at 8:15. (Take B. M. T., Brighton Line train, to Prospect Park.)

DOG SHOW—Monmouth County Kennel Club, Rumson, N. J., Sat., July 6.

GOLF—Jess W. Sweetser Victory Cup tournament, Sleepy Hollow Country Club, Scarborough, N. Y., Fri. and Sat., July 12 and 13.

POLO—Meadow Brook Club Tournaments, Westbury, L. I. Play Sat., Tues., and Thurs., at 5:30 P.M., weather permitting. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 3:59 P.M.) . . . Play at Fleischmann Field, Port Washington, L. I., every Sun. Aft., at 4. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 2:24 P.M.)

RACING—Empire City track, Yonkers; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., starting Fri., July 5. (Trains leave Grand Central at 1:27 and 1:35 P.M., except Sat., when trains leave at intervals from 1:07 to 1:47 P.M.)

TRACK—International meet: Yale-Harvard vs. Oxford-Cambridge, Soldiers' Field, Cambridge, Mass., Sat. Aft., July 13.

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Knickerbocker Y. C., Port Washington, L. I., Fri. Aft., July 5; New Rochelle Y. C., Sat. Aft., July 6; Indian Harbor Y. C., Greenwich, Conn., Sat. Aft., July 13.

NOTE—Two of the best pools in town are located in the Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M.), and the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight). The pool in the Barbizon, Lexington at 63, is for women only.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calendar for readers who plan ahead.)

BOXING—James J. Braddock vs. Tommy Loughran, light-heavyweights, Yankee Stadium, July 18.

DOG SHOWS—Rhode Island Kennel Club, Newport, R. I., Aug. 24. . . . North Shore Kennel Club, Smithtown, L. I., Aug. 31. . . . Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn., Sept. 2.

GOLF—Metropolitan Open Championship, Lido C. C., Long Beach, L. I., July 18-20. . . . New Jersey Open Championship, Elmwood G. C., Paterson, N. J., Aug. 8-10.

HORSE SHOWS—Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn., July 18-20. . . . Stamford Horse Show, July 24-27. . . . Cathedral Horse Show, Rye, N. Y., Aug. 1-3. . . . Monmouth County Horse Show, Rumson, N. J., Aug. 8-10. . . . Newport Horse Show, Aug. 15-17. . . . East Hampton Riding Club, East Hampton, L. I., Aug. 17. . . . Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien, Conn., Aug. 24.

MUSIC—Goldman Band outdoor concerts continue through Aug. 18. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Lewisohn Stadium, through Aug. 29.

POLO—Rumson Country Club Tournament, Rumson, N. J., Aug. 3-17.

RACING—Empire City track, Yonkers, through July 27. . . . Saratoga, July 29-Aug. 31. . . . Belmont Park, Sept. 2-16.

TENNIS—Interzone Final Round, Davis Cup, Stade Roland Garros, Paris, July 19-21; Challenge Round, Davis Cup, Paris, July 26-28. . . . Invitation Tournament, Seabright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club, Seabright, N. J., starts July 29. . . . Women's Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L. I., starts Aug. 3. . . . Invitation tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, L. I., Aug. 5-10. . . . Wightman Cup Matches, Forest Hills, L. I., Aug. 9 and 10. . . . Women's National Championships, Forest Hills, L. I., start Aug. 19.

YACHTING—Larchmont Y. C., Race Week, July 20-27. . . . Stamford Y. C. Races, Aug. 3. . . . New York Y. C. Cruise, Aug. 8-17. . . . Astor Cup Races, off Newport, Aug. 13. . . . King's Cup Race, off Newport, Aug. 17.

Pabst Blue Ribbon Brew is not just OFF THE BOAT. It comes from MILWAUKEE, aged and mellowed. Its label is authentic. It is frankly just the best WARM WEATHER thirst quencher you can find in a day's trip . . . If you're tired of BOGUS labels, BOGUS kicks and slotted doors, ask for PABST BLUE RIBBON. Phone your dealer for a case today. Pabst Corporation, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

PABST BLUE RIBBON

custom made handbags

. . . a new saks-fifth avenue service

- - - featuring exclusive antique or modern materials
combined with jeweled and specially designed frames
in styles executed to our patrons' specifications.

saks-fifth avenue

new york

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WAVES of dissension have been lashing Christopher Morley's seacoast of Bohemia in Hoboken. Thus another illusion is shattered

for the kinsprits of the old "Bowling Green" column, who wouldn't have believed such a thing possible among the leisurely poets who take three hours for lunch. Our theory is that Morley, Throckmorton, Milliken & Gribble made the original mistake of going into dramatics when they should have started a law firm instead. With such a name, no law firm could have been anything but an immediate success and a beehive of internal harmony.

PERHAPS we can be of some service, at last, to the Merchants' Association of New York City. That body has been asked by President McKee of the Board of Aldermen to compile a list of the seven least creditable things about New York. We hesitate not a moment. The seven least creditable things are: (1) The Horace Greeley statue, (2) the other Horace Greeley statue, (3) the technique of White Wings who bandy the gutter dirt about and throw it to the winds, (4) the condition of the old subway, (5) the condition of the new subway, (6) the condition of our mind

half the time, (7) the failure of Coney Island to rebuild the wooden elephant that burned down thirty-five years ago. Incidentally, whose idea was it to stop at seven?

THE brief, perfunctory accounts of people's lives are sometimes the most revelatory. We saw in the papers that Lindbergh, starting for the West with his young wife, took three suitcases, three bundles, two canteens, a camera, a briefcase, and a large ball of cord. The husbands of America must have read that with interest, remembering a young man who slipped a sandwich in his pocket and flew to Paris without so much as a pair of pajamas to his name. It used to be

hard to touch the feet of a god who flew alone and travelled light; but let a god take unto himself a wife and he becomes kin to all mortal men. We can all hear that little voice saying, as the wings were about to spread: "And listen, Charles, we really ought to take along this large ball of cord."

FIFTY thousand dollars for a publicity campaign to popularize prohibition doesn't sound like enough. Any reputable cigarette company spends four times that amount for the good of its cause. Nor does it sound reasonable to go to school-children with dry propaganda. Children are realists, experimentalists. When they hear the government's slogan "It Takes Two to Make a Bootlegger" they will never rest easy till they have met a bootlegger face to face and found out why it takes two to make him. By that time the bootlegger will have presented his card and his price-list, and the child will be all fixed up.

Our idea for combatting the government's campaign is for the wets to appropriate an equal sum to be used for

disseminating life-size pictures of Mrs. Ella Boole, with the caption "Sober."

ONE of the prohibition slogans for school use is: "Is Prohibition a Success? Ask the Bankers, or Ask the Salvation Army, the Social Workers, the Mothers. Ask Everybody." In order that school children shouldn't be deceived about anything, we actually started out to ask some of these groups. We asked the bankers first. "Bankers," we said, "is prohibition a success?" There was no answer. All the bankers were out of town, attending the convention of the New York State Bankers' Association—in Toronto, Canada.

Warning

THE Columbia crew trained for their notable victory on the Hudson by living practically in the primitive state in their boathouse up the river, while the other athletes mingled with civilization in and about Poughkeepsie. When on the river, practicing, the New York crew wore abbreviated trunks and rowing socks. At all other times, just fine coats of tan. For days and days they went about quite cautiously, however, because of a farmer lady who lived in a lone dwelling adjoining their boathouse. They ran and hid whenever there were signs of life next door. One day she was too

quick for them. Two of the crew were tossing a ball back and forth, clad in their tan coats, when the neighbor lady rushed out of her house and was upon them before they could move. "You don't get away this time!" she cried. "I've been wanting to tell you boys something. If you break any of my windows with that ball, you'll pay for them!"

Dr. Couney's Babies

NOBODY gets more flowers on Father's Day than Dr. Couney, the man who hatches the incubator babies at Coney Island. His alumni are eternally grateful; they never forget those early days on the boardwalk. The last time we went down to Coney we got asking questions about the art of incubation. It seems that the Chinese were the first to use incubators; they had a sort of sheepskin affair. Only recently has there been any really scientific device. Years ago, in the Paris Zoo, a keeper invented a box with hot sandbags in its sides, for keeping baby lions. This hotbox was seen by a professor from Leipzig, who adapted the idea to human babies, using, instead of a sandbox, a bathtub with double walls. This provided heat but did not supply air satisfactorily. (Premature babies cannot breathe ordinary air; it must be filtered.) Then along came Dr. Couney and solved the air problem. He had a chimney placed high up where there is no dust, into which fresh air is sucked. Then it is filtered, heated to the right temperature, and pumped into the small glass incubator. Used air goes out through a valve at the top. This invention attracted the attention of the medical profession and won prizes. An American exposition was travelling through Europe then (Dr. Couney was born in Breslau, Silesia, sixty-two years ago) and the manager persuaded him to come to this country to exhibit his invention as a sideshow. He first set up in Omaha, Nebraska. Eventually Fred Thompson, the old showman who started Luna Park, brought him to Coney Island. That was in 1903. He has been there since and has saved about six thousand lives.

Coney turned out to be a good location. One lady, expectant, took a ride on a roller-coaster, had her baby prematurely, and was not more than a block away from an incubator. Pretty handy! The gate receipts have always been adequate, and the twenty-five cents which the public pays supports the institution, gives Dr. Couney a profit, and enables him to employ two physicians and eleven nurses and provide free board and lodging for his little red beginners.

Incubation is interesting work. The babies are usually six or seven-month children. They must weigh at least two pounds at birth or there is no hope. Most of them weigh three, or three and a half. It takes about five weeks of incubation to give them enough life to come out into the open. All races are accepted; there is one premature piccaninny there now. Every three hours the babies are taken out and fed. They get only human milk, from wet nurses, and occasionally a drop of whiskey.

Last Sunday twenty of Dr. Couney's former babies came back to see him.

• •

"You can see our onions from the road now."

He is always getting invitations to weddings and graduation exercises. One of the Steeplechase electricians is an old embryo of his. Liked Coney so well he stayed.

The babies are always grateful, but sometimes the parents aren't. One father, seeing his tiny son attracting boardwalk crowds, demanded that he be given a percentage of the gate.

Miracle at the Casino

A PAIR of young people had luncheon at the now-famous Casino in the Park the other day, the check amounting to eight dollars and fifty cents. An awkward moment ensued when the young man realized he had but eight dollars with him. The lady fetched a ten-dollar bill from the depths of her dorothy bag and the situation was saved. The waiter took the money, brought back the plate containing the change, and set it down. At this point things took a strange turn. When the waiter picked up the plate, with his tip on it, and bore it off, the young man perceived, lying on the tablecloth, a bright, new, uncreased ten-dollar bill. How did it get there? He called the waiter, who was politely hurt and indicated plainly that he didn't want to be dragged into the mystery. The gentleman did what seemed best: took the bill and immediately paid his debt to the lady. The only solution seems to be that there is so much money lying around the Casino that, these warm days, it just sticks to things, like the bottoms of plates.

Chelsea and Tudor

THE fine old residential block in Twenty-fourth Street, the most neighborly-looking community left in the city, is finally being torn down, making way for apartments which will cover this plot and the site of London Terrace in Twenty-third. Where once lived in peace Lily Langtry and Clement Moore, author of "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," it's dusty and noisy now. There are several ruckuses going on, too. The Moore heirs, or the Moore Estate, own the land, but not some of the houses, which are out on long-term leases. Some of the house owners want more money and are holding out. The Barbara Frietchie of the neighborhood is a Mrs. Herschel Jones, who owns three places. She has just put up a bright new "Rooms to Let" sign although the houses on either side are coming down as if under shellfire. Mrs. Jones pays a large negro a hundred and thirty dollars a month (hot-weather rates) just to stand around and shoo off the wreckers who are forever absent-mindedly going after her places with crowbars. Another owner, who hasn't sold out yet, is said to have come home from the movies to find his porch half down. He made the wreckers put it back. Most of the cases are slowly getting into court.

We recall that there was a somewhat similar situation when they were getting ready to build Tudor City. The French people tiptoed around, buying land. They approached one astute man we know and he set what he thought was a pretty fancy price on a house he had been holding for speculation. It was instantly accepted. He chortled over a thirty-five-thousand-dollar profit until other property owners began to do a lot better. An identical house next door was owned by an aged lady who took boarders. She was hard of hearing, said she was too old to move, and didn't want to be bothered anyway. She sold finally at one hundred thousand dollars more than our acquaintance got. Now he mutters mostly.

•

THE real dime imbedded in the cover of each copy of John K. Winkler's book on Rockefeller proved quite a problem at Womrath's. What to do with the dimes in the circulation-shelf books? The coins were finally removed, and rung up on the cash register, a slip being made out for each one, marked "Ten Cents from John D."

Phone Fact

MAYBE the telephone company will appreciate learning this (we try to do one good deed each week): Mr. Norbert B. Kates' name has been in the Manhattan directory for six years although he ordered his telephone removed in 1923, when he went to Europe to live. He never gets a bill. Number is Riverside 3287. Maybe, however, maintaining the old Kates phone has become a tradition of the service.

Rolls-Royce

THERE is only one Rolls-Royce taxi in town. It stands at the Plaza, and is much used. We have known about it for quite a while, but simply did nothing. Now a broker who dined at the Plaza gives us the facts. He was duly impressed when a Rolls cab was called for him, and asked the driver some questions. The car is a 1913 model and belonged to Mr. Foxhall Keene. The chauffeur and present owner, one Herbert Anderson, bought it for a thousand dollars some months ago. Despite the well-known legend that the Rolls-Royce people always make haste to purchase any car of their manufacture which has been inducted into taxi service, Anderson says he has not been approached. He says, however, that this may be because of the dignity and importance of the Plaza taxi-stand from which he works. Anderson says there was another Rolls-Royce taxi in town for a short time only, a year or so ago. It was driven by a colored man who, he was told, *was* approached by the makers and sold the car to them. The driver of the Plaza taxi de luxe says he won't sell his machine unless the Rolls people pay him "enough to retire on."

What, No Cows?

APPARENTLY Miss Beatrice Herford, whose penetrating monologues have been heard by almost everybody, has a streak of maliciousness. She set out to tease Macy's the other day and, going down there, she breasted the strong current flowing through a main aisle, and looked helpless until a well-meaning floorwalker offered his assistance.

"Cow," said Miss

Herford, consulting a shopping list she carried, and upon which, about halfway down, the word "cow" was plainly to be seen.

"A—ah—toy cow?" said the floorwalker.

"Cow," repeated Miss Herford.

"To be sure, to be sure. An—ah—porcelain cow, perhaps, such as—"

"Cow," said Miss Herford steadily, relentlessly.

The official placed a worried finger between neck and collar and arched pained eyebrows.

"We have no—er—actual cows—no milch cows, that is."

"What, no cows?" said the lady.

"R. H. Macy has never carried them," said the floorwalker, and swallowed.

"Never carried cows!" exclaimed the actress, and departed, meditating and sad, while her victim went to a small room to relax.

It was Miss Herford's brother, Oliver, who came into the Players Club one day, wearing a strange-looking hat, something very odd.

"What in the world—!" exclaimed a fellow member.

"It's a whim of my wife's—she wanted me to wear it," explained Oliver.

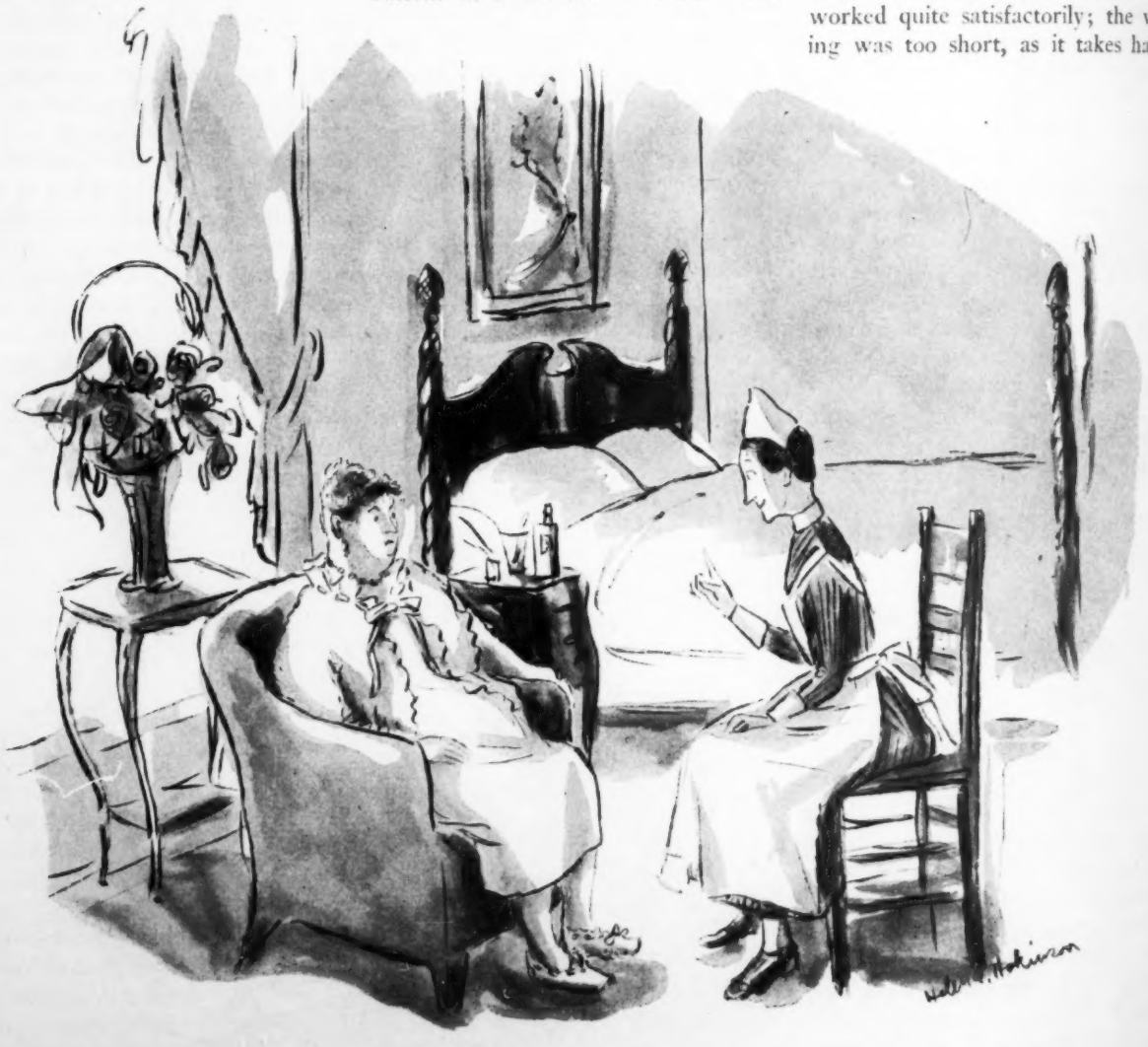
"But you don't mean to say you would wear *that* just because it is your wife's whim?"

"Ah," said Herford, "you don't know my wife. She has a whim of iron."

About Lights

BECAUSE of its windowless façade and general tomblike look there is a belief that the big Edison plant over beyond the apartment houses, golf links, and Japanese tea gardens of Mr. Fred F. French runs itself, and that if anyone ever broke into it he would find nothing but row upon row of dynamos all whirring busily, controlled by a set of push-buttons in a downtown office. The fact is that three hundred men work in the place, in three shifts, converting coal into enough electricity to supply much of Manhattan. The East River is becoming residential, but the power plant will undoubtedly remain there; it would cost more to move it than anyone in the Edison Company cares to think about.

The biggest problem of the plant is to meet variations in the volume of electricity used in the territory it supplies. Three o'clock in the morning, with few lights on and few factories running, is the dullest hour, and five P.M. the busiest; and the demand fluctuates all day long. Sometimes emergency demands have to be met, the commonest and most-feared cause being a glowering thunder shower. Weather is a big factor always, and to keep things in hand the Edison Company maintains its own meteorological bureau at the building. Until a few years ago they always kept a man posted atop the plant to watch for storms or dark clouds. This never worked quite satisfactorily; the warning was too short, as it takes half an



"Now remember, I don't want my little girl to get too tired sitting up."

"It seems as if we were just made for each other, doesn't it, Edith?"

hour to start up the fire in banked boilers and a dynamo must be run slowly until it gets warmed up. Then came the radio and a satisfactory solution. Now an aerial is strung the two-block length of the building. It picks up the static which storms always kick up, and accumulates it until it has stored enough to ring a small bell. When a storm is a hundred miles away the bell strikes about every half hour. As it approaches the bell rings oftener, thus telling how fast it is coming. This bell strikes in a room on the top floor, to which is also automatically transmitted the record of other meteorological instruments, and which is presided over by three very important men known as the "system operators." They sit facing an arrangement resembling a stockbroker's board which contains about five thousand lights. Each of these represents a control point for electric current in the greater city—not only the area supplied by this plant but also that by the others, which number four. By information received from the weather machines, pneumatic tubes, direct-line telephones, and other means they know what to expect throughout the town, and issue instructions accordingly, ordering furnaces shut down or started up, switches pulled, etc., to take care of the demand. Among multitudinous other things they turn the street lights off and on.

SUCH a place, of course, has its romance. The story is that one of the younger employees once put the street lights to gallant usage. He had an evening date with a young lady living in the Yorkville section, and found that his hours on duty had been changed so that they conflicted. He told the girl he would go to the plant and try to get somebody to change shifts with him. The trouble was, how to get word to her afterward, since outside telephones are not available in the plant. He devised a signal. "When I turn on the street lights this evening, I'll flick them once if I can't come and twice if I can." That evening the lady sat at her parlor window watching the corner light. It flicked twice, along with myriads of others in many byways, and she knew the young man was coming. Important officials of the company looking over graphs a few days later wondered why the power had been turned off in Yorkville just after it had been turned on, and had the young man in to ask him about it. He said his hand had slipped.

Hopeful

THE talkies hold even more of an allure for hopeful actors than did the silent films, we've been privately advised. This letter, if we must be specific, came to the Fox Company from a gentleman seeking employment:

"I know that thousands are trying to become a movie actor. Whether there is one more or less does not make any difference, maybe I will be lucky and nobody discovered me yet. I discovered myself. Here I am: I am thirty jears of age German-Frenchman, good figure and good looking. Sportman and will risk my life for a couple of hundred dollars. Up till now I have been lucky with women, and God knows if my chance persists I will one day make a hit on the screen."

We see no reason why he shouldn't.

Out of the West

PUT in mind of it by our mention that Mahonri Young, as well as Jack Dempsey, is a Mormon, one of the young men of the National City Company has told us further facts about this church and how its powerful influence extends east and into New York City—not spiritually but materially. The Mormon Church, he says, was always a practical church, economically sound. One of its tenets is that each member must pay his tithing, ten per cent of all he earns. They were strict about this for generations and much money flowed in. Some of it was used for the aid of church members who were ill or indigent, and so on. The rest accumulated into vast sums, so that now the Mormon Church is per capita one of the wealthiest in the world. It owns lands, office buildings, hotels, and stock in numerous substantial corporations. It is the biggest factor in the sugar industry of this continent and is heavily interested in Hawaiian plantations and mills. Its president is Heber J. Grant, who had previously been the president of a bank. The Mormon influence extends into New York thus: The church is the heaviest stockholder in the Union Pacific Railroad and the Union Pacific is the heaviest stockholder in the New York Central. It owns more than any Vanderbilt. Interesting.

Static

A GENTLEMAN of the old Victrola school received a crate the other day which, when unpacked, revealed a lacquered radio cabinet. The recipient had not ordered a radio and was pretty mad until the cabinet proved to be a fake, containing a case of Bacardi, which he had ordered. The bootlegger in question has a delivery truck painted and lettered to look for all the world like a radio company's delivery truck. —THE NEW YORKERS

"Sorry, Mr. Marchbanks—it isn't quite what we wanted."

ANSWERS-TO-HARD-QUESTIONS DEPARTMENT

[NOTE: *Write on one side of the paper only, or better yet, don't write at all. We have enough to do.*]

Editors of THE NEW YORKER:

My problem is centred in a snail. The snail was purchased as a purifier for a young child's aquarium. After a week in an aquarium inhabited only by three fish, there appeared in the bowl an infant snail. It was greeted with gusto, but three days later there was another snail offspring. After an interval of two days, on Sunday in fact, there was a third, followed by a fourth on Monday, and during the darkness of Monday night the fifth appeared. I am at sea about snails. Are they bisexual creatures able to meet, unaided, emergencies such as solitary confinement; or are my fish partly to blame for the new little snails? Your counsel would be much appreciated.

EMMA H. L——.
JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.

THE snail in your aquarium is a mollusc. It is quite likely a hermaphrodite, even though it came from a reputable department store. For being hermaphroditic, nobody can blame a snail. We cannot tell you everything we know about the gastropods because we know, possibly, more than is good for us. In the absence of specific information to the contrary, we would say that the snail in your aquarium had been going around a good deal with other snails before you got him (her). Some molluscs (not many) can have children merely by sitting around and thinking about it. Others can have children by living in a state of reciprocity with other hermaphrodites. Still others are like us, dioecious, possessed of only one sexual nature but thankful for small favors.

The shellfish and the snails are a great group, though it is a pose with many people to consider them dull. Usually the people who find molluscs dull are dull themselves. We have met molluscs in many parts of the world: in gardens in France, on the rocks at low tide on Long Island Sound, in household aquaria, on the sidewalks of suburban towns in the early morning, in restaurants, and in forests. Everywhere we found them to be sensitive creatures, imaginative and possessed of a lively sense of earth's pleasant rhythm. Snails have a kind of nobility. Zoölogists will tell you that they occupy, in the animal kingdom, a position of enviable isolation. They go their own way.

WE can understand your curiosity about sex in snails. Molluscs are infinitely varied in their loves, their hates, and their predilections. They have a way of carrying out ideas they get in their head. They are far from cold, as many people suppose them; indeed, one of the most fascinating love stories we ever read was in the "Cambridge Natural History," in which was described the tryst kept by a pair of snails on a garden wall. We have never forgotten the first sentence of that romantic and idyllic tale, nor have we forgotten the name of the snail, L. Maximus. The story started: "L. Maximus has been observed at midnight to ascend a wall or some perpendicular surface." It then went on to relate how, after some moments spent greeting each other, crawling round and round, the snails let themselves down on a little ladder of their own devising, and there, suspended in the air ten inches or so from the top of the wall, they found love.

Often very fecund, molluscs are rarely too busy to give attention to their children after birth, or to prepare for their coming. There is, in Algeria, a kind of mollusc whose young return for shelter to the body of their mother, somewhat in the manner of little kangaroos. There is, in the Philippines, a snail who is so solicitous for her expected babies that she goes to the trouble of climbing, with infinite pains and no little discomfort, to the top of a tall tree, and there deposits her eggs in a leaf, folding the leaf adroitly for protection. Another kind of mollusc, having laid her eggs upon a stone, amuses herself by arranging them like the petals of a rose, and hatches them by holding her foot on them. Molluscs tend to business.

SOMETIMES different species intermarry, but this is rare. The interesting point about it is that such unions generally take place when the air is heavily charged with electricity, as before a storm, or when great rains have made the earth wet. The Luxembourg Garden in Paris is a place snails go to for clandestine matches of this sort. H. Variabilis goes there, and Pisana. The moisture, the electricity, the fragrant loveliness of a Paris night, stir them strangely.

Probably, if you know so little of the eroticism of snails, you have not heard of the darts some of them carry—tiny daggers, hard and sharp, with which they prick each other for the excitement it affords. These darts are made of carbonate of lime. The Germans call them *Liebespfeil*, "love shaft." Many British molluscs are without them, but that's the way it goes.

WE could tell much more. We could tell about molluscs that possess the curious property of laying their eggs on the outside of their own shell, and of the strange phenomenon of the Cephalopod, who, when he takes leave of his lady, leaves one of his arms with her, so that she may never lack for an embrace. But we feel we have answered your question.

THE TALKERS-TO-THEMSELVES

They are little rodents
  Whistling in a wall;
But every stone is glass there,
And we can see them all
  Building their own dark
  With mumble and remark.

With little pointed elbows
  They threaten the great night;
But there is not a shadow yet,
And we can watch the flight
  Of little frantic fears
  About their closing ears.

Every little warrior
  Trembles there alone,
Behind a harmless breastwork
Of never heeded moan;
  And what he sometimes says
  In stunted sentences.

—MARK VAN DOREN

• •

ROOMMATE

"IF you weren't so lazy," she said, "you'd get along very well. You could do anything if you didn't dissipate your energy so much."

"Yes," I answered. "That's right. That's perfectly right." I wrote as fast as I could on the typewriter, "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog," only I hit an "x" instead of a "v." I always do.

"I'm surprised to see you working," she proceeded. "Darling, would you mind throwing me that box of matches? Thanks. . . . I'm going to stay home all afternoon, but you mustn't worry about me. You go right on working. What are you doing now?"

"A feature story," I said, "only it doesn't seem to come along very well." I typed out a title and looked at it questioningly.

"I know just how you feel. The other day I tried to write a story and I couldn't get started. I finally did manage to write two or three pages and then Dan came over to take me to dinner and I showed it to him. Did I tell you about Dan?"

"No," I said unwisely. I was chasing an idea, and almost caught it.

"Didn't I? Why, my dear, I thought I hadn't talked about anything else for ages. There was this man in London about three years ago when I was there with the family, and he saved my life. He simply redeemed the trip. He was the most divine dancer, and for some reason Mother trusted him. God knows why. But the other day at Bromer's I found myself looking at a willowy person and when he spoke I knew he must be from England, and I asked him about Tommy and, my dear, they went to school together. I thought I told you. He's just my type: the most perfect idiot. I forget what he's doing here but it has something to do with law or publicity. He's very intelligent."

"Yes, he sounds like it," I said.

"So I showed him my article because he knows a lot about literature. He read it very carefully with marginal notes, and he thought that I might be able to write very well if I worked at it. He said that to write well you must work and work and not do anything else for about three days until you get warmed up, then perhaps . . ."

"It sounds reasonable," I said. "Why don't you try it?"

"Well, why don't *you*? We're just as bad, both of us. We're always going out with some dumb-bell and wasting our time. I think between the two of us we know everybody in New York, and most of them call on us at least once a week. It's fun, of course. But we really ought to stop it. What good does it do us?" She sat up and crushed her cigarette firmly against the ashtray. "Week after week it's the same thing. If we go out we get home after two o'clock and if we stay home everybody brings liquor in. It's bound to get us sooner or later. Look at you. If I didn't insist on it every morning you wouldn't even eat break-

fast. If you don't have a lunch date you don't eat lunch. . . . Are you listening?"

I threw the paper in the waste-basket and for a minute I couldn't find any more, so I didn't answer.

"I was talking to Dan about it yesterday," she went on. "He's always lecturing me about being too diffuse with my time and energy, and he said something that made me think." She paused expectantly. "It is not generally known to the public, perhaps . . ."

"My God!" I said.

"What did you say? Oh! . . . Well, Dan just looked at me, straight in the eye, and he said, 'I know all about you. When you met me you were intrigued because I talk rather well. The second time you saw me you weren't so interested. From now on you'll be bored until you meet someone else.' And do you know, it's true. I told him so. I'm bored with people right away. It's a disease, a mental disease."

"Yes," I said.

"Well, I've been thinking that you and I ought to reform. You're worse than I am, and I'm pretty bad. I'm not really so restless, though; it's just that I get nervous being alone. You'd have a hard time if I were talkative, but as it is I can spend a whole evening just reading, if I know that someone's in the house. I'm not really gregarious at all. I have a strange temperament. But just the same I think there's something radically wrong with a person who wants to live alone, don't you? How is the story coming?"

"I can't seem to concentrate," I admitted.

"There it is, you see. That's just what I was talking about. If you'd practice more . . ."

The telephone rang and I went to answer it. I came back and put on my coat.

"Now where are you going?" she demanded.

"Over to Sam's. Bill just called up and asked me to come over. They have some people over there."

"Of course, it's nothing to me," she said. "But I thought you had a story to write." —EMILY HAHN

•

JOURNEY'S END

[*Personal in the Kansas City Times*]

PAL—Remember, we had belt remodeled; hunted grasshoppers; had your favorite concoction, chocolate sundae (Kansas); had oodles fun. Can't we find God and happiness together, hand in hand? Can you recall some incident we experienced together so I'll know it's you who answers. EVER FAITHFUL.

IT CAN BE DONE

I CONTEND that it *is* possible to get a French driving license in Paris. Furthermore, if you have the summer before you, a phlegmatic temperament, a good memory for addresses and telephone numbers, and the desire (fervently expressed by so many sentimental travellers) to know Paris not as a tourist but as the "real French" do, securing a license can be jolly good sport. It gets you about; in and out of quaint old wrong *bureaux*, along glamorous crooked streets, up and down innumerable flights of worn stairs, into countless cafés (*pour consulter le Bottin*); and always you have to comfort you, if further comfort is needed, the knowledge that if your mortal coil shows signs of running down you may go to the Touring Club and let them do it for you. The Club will supply you with a sort of omnibus license called a ***triptyque***, designed to cover every emergency a foreign motorist may meet. (The utterly non-sporting may get a *triptyque* in America before sailing, through Thomas Cook, the American Express, the Automobile Club, or any travel agency.)

But this is what the real Frenchman has to do, and what you may care to try: First, by way of warning, in France the automobiles bear no registration plates. The numbers are painted on the front and back of the car and there they stay, year after year. Instead of plates you carry a small nickel plaque engraved with your name and permanent address, screwed to the dashboard, and you voluntarily pay the registration tax at the nearest collector's office every three months. These officials are at lunch between twelve and two and rather sleepy in the afternoon. In the morning, not having yet lunch-

ed, they are inclined to be irritable. As who is not? Do not let them annoy you into driving before you have all your papers, or Trouble will come to you.

In the process of getting your papers you will find out why France is unable to pay her war debts. All the money goes for printed forms, lavender ink, non-absorbent pink blotting paper, and hair-oil for the countless official beards. No francs zero centimes are spent on new pen-points.

BEFORE you start on the trail of the driving license itself, the following documents must be in your possession:

a. The *Certificat de Domicile*—a declaration signed by your hotel proprietor and countersigned by the police commissioner of your *arrondissement*, proving that you live where you say you do.

b. The *Carte d'Identité*—a yellowish booklet illustrated with a photograph, alleged to be of yourself, proving your right to be alive at all.

c. The *Récépissé de Déclaration*, or *carte grise*. This is a gray card that seems to correspond to our auto registration, as it is the first thing the gendarme asks for, and shows that your tax is paid up.

d. The *Permis de Circulation*—a rather puzzling green card which might reasonably be considered superfluous after the *carte grise*, which proves your right to the car, and the driving license, which proves you know how to drive. Ah—but "permission to circulate:" that is another thing, it announces itself.

e. The *Récépissé de Taxe de Luxe*—a flimsy white paper showing that the super-tax, levied on all pleasure cars, has been paid.

f. An even flimsier white paper showing that the car has been registered for requisition by the army in case of war.

SO far it has been a cinch. All the above documents come with the car, if it is second-hand; or from the dealer, if new. Now for trouble, as under:

g. The *Permis de Conduire*—the pink driving license. Hard to get, but it has the pleasantly surprising feature of being good for life without renewal. Now don't start crowing: if you drive in Paris that life will be short. They win every time.

To get your *Permis de Conduire*:

1. Have your photograph taken, six prints. Allow a week.

2. Go to the nearest tobacco shop (no kidding) and buy a *papier timbré*—a blank sheet bearing the seal of France—for three francs sixty.

3. On this write a polite note to Monsieur le Préfet de Police, praying him to accord you permission to conduct (not to be confused with permission to circulate) and telling who you are; take this to the police commissioner of your *arrondissement* for his stamp and signature; but don't commit the error of leaving it there, or you lose stroke and hole and have to go back and tee off all over again.

4. Then go to the Bureau de Perception, or tax collector's office, of your *arrondissement*, and ask the young lady for permission to pay sixty francs for the license. She will appear glad of the business and will give you a receipt for the money, but no license. Patience, my friend.

5. Take this receipt, the *papier timbré* letter, the *certificat de domicile*, your passport, your home driving license—by showing which you can avoid taking a driving test in Paris—and your six photographs, and repair to the Préfecture de Police on the Ile de la Cité. There you will spend an hour or two looking for the right bureau and will eventually find it just to the left of the door you came in by. Hand over your entire collection to a thin young man with a fluffy red beard—yes, you really must; that is, if you want a driving license and haven't just been fooling—and—prepare for a shock: in about three minutes he will give you your *carte rose*, slang for *permis de conduire*, with your own photograph nicely glued to one corner. Nobody has ever discovered what becomes of the other photographs. I, for one, refuse to believe that they mash them up for paper money.

N. B. There is a little café just across the street from the Préfecture. Go there immediately.

—DONALD MOFFAT

OUR CONSCIENTIOUS COPS

The beaked and willowy gentleman with the mysterious smile is Patrolman Henry Rushback, Shield No. 5119. He alleged that night air didn't agree with him and was transferred to day duty at Canal and Lafayette Streets.

ESSENCES

AFTER READING
A PERFUMER'S
PRICE LIST

Dig the root of orris
For the tardy hour;
Gather oak moss for us,
Press the orange flower.

Pluck the white narcissus,
Rose, and tuberose;
Let the wind advise us
Where the civet goes.

Trail the valley lily
From the jasmin porch,
Draw most liberally
From the jonquil's torch.

Lavender and balsam,
Honeysuckle, broom,
Let all scents wholesome
Find our secret room.

Dig the root of orris,
Press the orange flower;
Having done which for us,
Give us both a shower!

—E. B. [illegible]

"I must make a note—the female has but thirty teeth."

"*What's his last name?*"

"*I don't know. I just met him lately.*"

OF ALL THINGS

"IF all the illiterates in New York City were grouped," says the *Herald Tribune*, "they would make a city about as large as Albany and Syracuse thrown together." And a swell thing to have would be the exclusive movie and tabloid rights to Albacuse.

•

We sometimes suspect that the professional patriot prays: "Give us this day our daily Red."

•

Solvent Republicans are urged to ante ten dollars quarterly to help the magazine, *National Republic*, combat destructive radicalism. This is a pretty scarce menace but it is comforting to know that we can be saved from it on the partial-payment plan.

•

Dr. Dawes did not do right by Anglo-Saxon amity when he put the embassy on a cold-water basis. It would have been more gracious to conform to the customs of his hosts as Sir Esme did in Washington.

•

The sufferings of the broadcasters during the twilight contest on the Hudson were no less than intense. It is a tough job to tell a great unseen audience about a great unseen boat race.

•

Professor MacIntosh of Canada and Yale is denied American citizenship because he insists upon the right to examine each particular war before he buys. It seems that Patriotism, like Justice, should be blindfold.

•

New York takes only a faint interest in the current disputation about where the Republican Party was born. In this gloomy Democratic stronghold the question is not where but why.

•

Wade H. Ellis proposes that federal prohibition enforcement funds be withheld from damp states. We cannot quite make out whether this is a threat or a promise.

•

This is going to be an even better world when dry statesmen act the way they talk and sound-picture performers talk the way they act.

•

The New York Athletic Club is installing a radio in every private room. It is felt that this convenience will save the members from considerable physical exercise.

•

A correspondence school of burglary is discovered in Charleroi, Pennsylvania. It was caught in the act of teaching the young idea how to loot.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

• •

THE FRUITS OF PATIENCE

A List of Awards Recently Reported in the Press which Proves that All Things Come to Those who Wait Long Enough

THE PATIENT ONE	THE PROCRASTINATOR	THE AWARD	DUE SINCE	GIVEN FOR
Jean Merigot	French War Dept.	Military medal	1859	Service in Algeria.
Sarah Glover	N. Y. C. Board of Education	$75	1894	Salary as teacher.
Deceased	U. S. War Dept.	$55	1833	Horse killed by Indians.
John Poellot	Chicago Implement Company	$1	1881	Wages for one day.
Deceased	U. S. Post Office	$1,200	1836	Back pay as mail-carrier.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

PROFILES

ABSTRACTION—FLOWERS

TOWARD the close of a gloomy afternoon in November, 1915, a girl named Anita Pollitzer walked into the little picture gallery at 291 Fifth Avenue where for several years Alfred Stieglitz had been exposing the paintings of the French modernists to the gaze of a dismayed and irritated public. She had a roll of drawings under her arm; they had been sent, it appeared, by a friend of hers named Georgia O'Keeffe, a teacher of drawing in the public schools in Amarillo, Texas. "She told me particularly not to show these around—she said to throw them away when I'd done with them," the girl explained, impenitently, "but I just couldn't bear to. I felt I had to show them to somebody."

Stieglitz turned the gaslights a little higher, and the drawings were unrolled. They were flower subjects, done in charcoal, and the treatment was in the manner which, for want of a better word, has come to be called "abstract." Stieglitz looked at them; he knew at once that he had struck on something very close to genius, and, in spite of Miss Pollitzer's objections, he insisted on exhibiting them. "There'll be trouble when O'Keeffe hears about this!" she warned him.

THERE was trouble. O'Keeffe came flying on to New York; she marched into No. 291 with all her Irish anger flaring. "What do you mean by showing these drawings?" she demanded. "I gave you no permission at all." But Stieglitz, with his air of a weary prophet, wore down her wrath. They walked about the room together; he discovered that her attitude was mainly defensive—she was afraid that those strange interlacing patterns she had drawn from the hearts of flowers or from their curling petals would seem incomprehensible and foolish to others. "Do you know what they mean?" he asked her. "Do you think I'm an idiot?" she countered. He showed her some drawings by Matisse, Picasso, Braque; she was amazed to learn that others beside herself were trying to release design from the limitations of realism. In the end, when she went back to her schoolchildren in Texas, she had promised to send him all her drawings, for exhibition.

The drawings came: she sent them carelessly, two or a dozen in a bunch, without even bothering to insure them. When finally in 1917—with the war coming louder and louder, intervening between him and his friends, saddening him—Stieglitz decided to close the doors of No. 291 forever, he ended the history of that famous gallery with an exhibition of her work.

There was a hubbub among the critics. O'Keeffe came on to New York again, this time determined to stay. The drawings hadn't sold; she had no money, but she wanted to paint. Stieglitz lent her twelve hundred dollars, and she lived on that for a year, painting in a little back room she had rented in Fifty-ninth Street. She struggled through another year and then, in 1920, her first big uptown show was arranged, at the Anderson Galleries.

She was still unknown and still a mystery, but the aesthetic principles on which she and many other artists based their work had all been hashed and rehashed by eager and sometimes too-willing apologists. So the spectacle of an entire canvas devoted to the corolla of a flower, or of another composed of two straight lines and labelled simply "Abstraction II," was nowhere near so startling as formerly. O'Keeffe's show was a success. She happened to be present in the gallery when the first picture was sold. It was a flower study, and the price was four hundred dollars. O'Keeffe's face went white as the canvas itself—not at the price, as she later explained, but at the sudden realization that she would never see that painting any more.

SHE was born on a Wisconsin wheat farm, near the little town of Sun Prairie, in 1887. Her father, Francis O'Keeffe, was of course an Irishman; her mother, Ida Totto, was Hungarian. There were six other children—four girls, two boys. She lived in the little prairie town until she was fourteen—she remembers that a neighbor named Mrs. Mann taught her to copy pansies—and then in 1901 the whole family moved to Williamsburg, West Virginia.

They had their ups and downs. Francis O'Keeffe went into the trucking business, failed, and started over again. Mrs. O'Keeffe died. The children were marrying, moving away, but Georgia didn't want to get married; she wanted to be a painter, and so, in 1904, she was packed off to Chicago, to study at the Art Institute. A year later she came on to New York, and entered classes at the Art Students' League.

Georgia O'Keeffe

Old-timers at the League still remember her as she was in those days. She had jet black hair and her skin was ivory white, she had a dashing air, an Irish gaiety: everybody called her "Patsy." She had learned to draw under Vanderpoel in Chicago, and now she began to study with William Merritt Chase, who wore a monocle, and interspersed his lectures with anecdotes of Whistler and Sargent, and who could paint a codfish so glitteringly that the thing seemed actually to be scaly. She studied under Chase and F. Luis Mora for a year; she learned to dab on highlights and put purple in the shadows—and then, suddenly, she wasn't interested any more.

Everywhere, at that time, little groups of young artists had been losing interest likewise. Painting, they felt, had become nothing more than a pure technique of representation and so, to the consternation (and perhaps the secret envy) of their elders, they were rising in revolt, forming vociferous and impertinent schools—of Cubism, Futurism, Dynamism, Simultanéism, Dadaism—whose first rules were to have no rules at all.

O'Keeffe, however, knew nothing of this, and consequently, when she lost interest, she concluded that it must be herself, and not the system, that was to blame. The upshot was that in 1906 she decided she could never be a painter, and gave the whole thing up for good. As a matter of fact, it was

THE MAN WHO TOLD HIS FRIENDS HE WAS STAYING IN TOWN

almost ten years later that she took up her brushes again.

In the meantime, however, she had to earn a living, and drawing was the only trade she knew. She drifted about, doing the handy-man jobs of the arts. She worked in Chicago at various advertising agencies, she studied at Teachers College in New York, taught drawing in Virginia. Little record of these wandering years remains, save that she once startled some school board or other by advancing, apparently as her chief qualification for a teacher's position, that she "knew nothing whatever about art," and that she scandalized everybody in a sedate Virginia town by her practice of rising hours before dawn to take long solitary rambles over the countryside. She ended her peregrinations, as has been noted, at Amarillo, Texas; she had been teaching there a year when some strange impulse prompted her unaccountably to draw flowers, for once, as she really felt flowers ought to be drawn and (not daring to show them to anyone in Texas) to send the sketches off to New York. Flowers have been either the subject or the basis for abstract design in most of her paintings ever since.

ONE of the cruellest misconceptions ever perpetrated was that by which the modern painters came to be called "intellectual." Its implications still remain to confuse the layman and stultify the artist in spite of the fact that by now everyone should know that the only mental process involved in non-representational art is a negation, eliminating or otherwise nullifying the methods—of perspective, foreshortening, highlighting, and shadowing—by which the older painters tried to rationalize three dimensions out of two. With this exception, intellectually, the modern artist starts from scratch. O'Keeffe, however, has not been able to escape the inference on the part of critics that a great deal of deep thought goes into the formulation of her paintings. As a matter of fact, the reverse is more nearly true. Her years with the drawing-school classes have taught her the use of a clear, sharp line, and her own sincerity of vision uses that line as a knife-edge, cutting to the core of her emotional experience.

For the rest, she paints as she feels, impulsively. She does no underpainting on her canvases; she rarely even blocks out her design in advance. Sometimes, in the midst of an evening's conversation, she will be seen furtively sketching a few lines on a bit of paper or the back of an envelope; when she sets up her canvas, she begins at one corner and paints right across it, as one would write a letter.

Very often, however, she paints the same subject over and over again, until the final canvas satisfies her; it is in this way that most of her "abstractions" are developed. Thus with the famous "shingle-and-shell" series, painted some three years ago after a period of convalescence at her summer home on Lake George. While she lay abed, she had been playing with a clamshell someone had brought in from the beach; she added an old shingle whose weather-beaten color attracted her, and a leaf. When she was strong enough, she started to paint.

The first panel was sober and realistic. In the second, her interest had centred on the shell; it occupied more than half her space, while the leaf had diminished to a streak of green, and the shingle to a monotone of burnt sienna in the background. The third and last became a study of color-values, in which the outlines of the objects had been completely lost, in her effort to make the pigments themselves move and harmonize.

Sometimes, it might be said, this unordered approach to the subject flaws her abstract painting: such work, having no intellectual limitations, must obey an all the more strictly imposed emotional rule. But in her other pictures—in her flower paintings and her still-lifes—this same impulsive quality becomes her greatest charm. Here she focuses her entire canvas on a single petal or a single bud: it is as if she brought the flower nearer and nearer, as if she kept peering more and more closely, trying to find the secret of beauty there.

Most of us, sprawling out in a field in the country, have poked apart the grass-roots, fingered the soil, and studied with a kind of vague awe the minute life we found there. That mood, but sharper and clearer, is the mood that dominates all of O'Keeffe's best painting.

SHE was married, in December, 1924, to Alfred Stieglitz. They tried to do it quietly, planning to ferry over to New Jersey and get the business over with the least fuss possible, but the expedition turned out to be quite an event,

if not for their friends, at least for the Jersey police. John Marin, the water-colorist, met them at Weehawken with a new car he had just bought, and he proceeded to demonstrate his skill at the wheel by bouncing off a grocery wagon, caroming across the road, and demolishing one of New Jersey's most substantial electric-light poles. There were crowds, altercations, exchangings of license numbers, but O'Keeffe and Stieglitz patched up their bruises and went on to Cliffside, where the local hardware merchant, doubling as J. P., delivered them their marriage license.

They live now, in an atmosphere of good-natured asceticism, at the Hotel Shelton and at Lake George. O'Keeffe, in spite of many illnesses, is still a great walker. She retains at forty-two the pale profile and blue-black hair, the sense of inner vitality that made her a famous beauty at the League. She wears black almost invariably—not, she says, because she prefers it, but because, if she started picking out colors for dresses, she would have no time for painting. Last winter, however, she startled everybody by appearing at the exhibitions in a bright scarlet cloak. She is, in the sophistic sense, not a modern at all: she has never read Freud, doesn't like plays, wears long skirts and long hair, and

"Thanks, Charlie—hope you have a good time in the city this summer."

has never been to France. She is, however, an ardent feminist.

Her original agreement with Stieglitz still holds good: no one but he has ever exhibited her work, and her paintings are usually to be seen at the Intimate Gallery, which he conducts, in the Anderson Galleries Building. Her output is not tremendous: a complete catalogue of all her works would not number more than three hundred paintings; of these, about a hundred have been sold. Most of the others remain unsold chiefly because Stieglitz refuses to part with them.

He has always refused to set any fixed values for her work, to build up any "market" in O'Keeffes; consequently, her prices and her sales depend very much on how Stieglitz happens to feel at the moment. Last year, for instance, a collector who stated that he wished to remain anonymous asked for the price of a series of five paintings of lilies. Stieglitz, piqued, demanded twenty-five thousand dollars, and no one was more surprised than he when the price was accepted without question. O'Keeffe herself was so astounded that she couldn't paint for three months thereafter. The buyer still remains anonymous.

Duncan Phillips is one of the few great collectors who have acquired O'Keeffes: he bought three flower studies for his Memorial Gallery in Washington. Another of her paintings hangs in the Brooklyn Museum; it was the bequest of Mrs. Rossin, daughter of Adolph Lewisohn. Most of her work, however, is sold to more intimate admirers, and with these Stieglitz sometimes makes strange treaties. Thus, Maurice Wertheim, one of the sponsors of the Theatre Guild, recently acquired an O'Keeffe landscape by contracting to pay the artist twelve hundred dollars annually for a period of five years; the "shingle-and-shell" series was sold to another lady who agreed to turn over to Stieglitz the money she would otherwise have spent on a new Rolls-Royce.

Sometimes, however, he refuses to sell at all. At the last show, a lady from Cleveland or thereabouts indicated rather patronizingly her willingness to buy a certain canvas, but there was something about her attitude that didn't appeal to him. "Why do you want that painting?" he demanded. "Give me some reason why you want it." Since the lady couldn't give him a satisfactory reason, she didn't get the picture. —Robert M. Coates

"Whaddya say we place Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte between John Gilbert and George Gershwin?"

•

Lost—Ladder, between 6th and Spring Streets, with J. E. Lynch on it. Reward if left at Lynch shop, 1121-6th Street.—*Medford (Ore.) Mail Tribune.*

Preferably with Mr. Lynch still on it.

A MAN CAN'T DO MORE THAN APOLOGIZE

"AS a matter of fact," said the architect, "it was a mistake."

I was profoundly moved. Never before in my experience had an architect admitted that anything he had done was wrong. There is something so solid about a skyscraper, so definite and permanent, that it allows no apologies. Others, as Matthew Arnold so wittily put it, abide our question—others being apartment houses which will go down a year after they go up, and five-story buildings in Fifth Avenue which are meant to pay taxes until someone comes along with an opera house or something. But the architect was talking of a skyscraper—and, let me make it clear, one he had designed himself.

Just to conceal its, and his, identity, let us assume that the novelty of this particular building was the grafting of Gothic on Grecian. It wasn't as bad as that, actually. Owing to the New

Yorker's habit of keeping his eyes fixed on the pavement, millions of people have gone by this building without ever being aware of its enormities. There was another architect who made all his mistakes at street level; but he never admitted them.

I found my architect not only modest and willing to admit his errors, but intelligent. He told me a great deal of the difficulties of his profession, the compromises architects have to make with builders and owners. When I recalled that in Middletown there is a development which asserts that all the houses are in the Tudorbethan style, I sympathized with him. It seems that promoters hear of a style of architecture, the name of which appeals to them as an advertising point—and they summon their architects and say "Colonial" and add, "thirty-five stories high and no waste space." Or they say "Classic," and the builder comes in and says he has a bargain in bricks, so we get classic brick structures. It's not, in any sense, all beer and skittles. It isn't even all skittles.

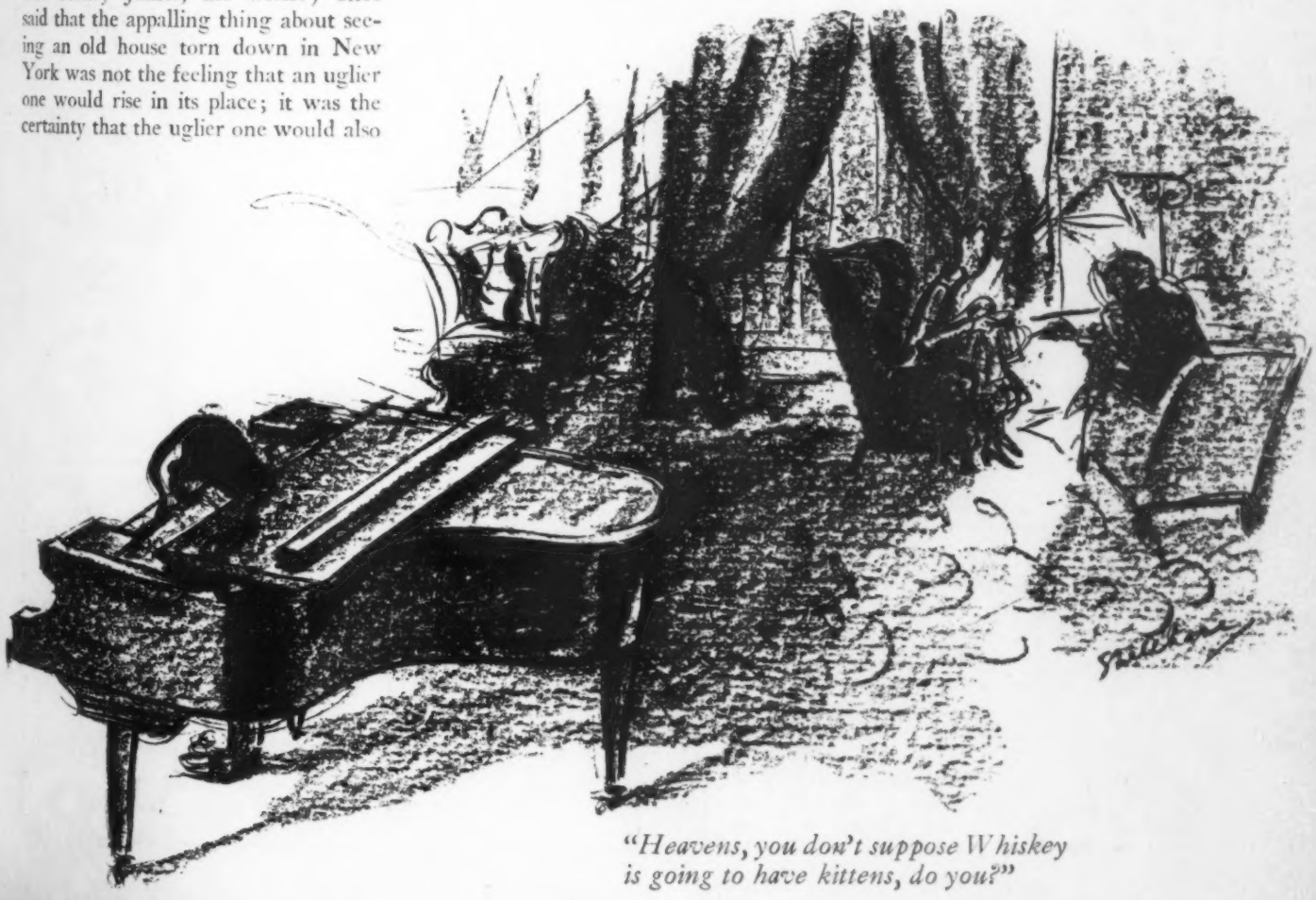
But what bothered me was that the mistake stands up, erect and brilliant and all too visible, and will stand for at least fifteen years—a moderate "life expectancy." Mr. Henry James (the late Henry James, the writer) once said that the appalling thing about seeing an old house torn down in New York was not the feeling that an uglier one would rise in its place; it was the certainty that the uglier one would also be torn down in a few years, and another, more hideous still, would rise. Perhaps the Fifth Avenue Association didn't give prizes in those days for the best building of the year. The trouble now is that you can't padlock a building or suppress it. Its indecency may be as flagrant as that of a book banned in Boston, but there it stands. And the more money invested in it, the longer it will stand.

TO make it a little harder, I don't see that very much can be done about it. Elevation and general type might be made to correspond to elevation and general type in the surrounding buildings. You can't, for instance, build a fifteen-story apartment on the Place Vendôme in Paris, and you might prevent the most alarming of monstrosities from rising in New York. But if architects aren't to be allowed to experiment in New York, where will they try out their new ideas? Perhaps Seattle and Chicago feel as deeply as we do about "mistakes." The Bush Terminal was an experiment and, judging by the number of its imitators, a successful one; so was the new Telephone Building. Without these experiments, the skyline of the city would descend to dullness. With them, we may get Ferriss' glass skyscraper and it may be as much of a mistake as—the building alluded to above.

There it stands—as much of a nuisance as a hundred-foot steel girder laid across Fifth Avenue, and as difficult to remove. If our architects had any feeling for the visual rights of the citizen, they would run up papier-mâché models of their buildings and let them stand a few days; then if no riots broke out, they could proceed with brick and steel and tile and concrete.

The catch in that suggestion is not that it is impractical. The catch is that an architect might set a replica of the Parthenon down opposite the Public Library and rear over it a replica of the Cathedral at Chartres—and no riot would follow. No one would see what he was doing, or if some did see, they wouldn't care.

Because if we really want our buildings not to be offensive we have only to adopt the suggestion of the architects themselves, that each building should be signed with the architect's name—provided this signature gave us the right to imprison him for life if we didn't like the building. Or at least to express contempt by a traditional gesture as we passed. —GILBERT SELDES



"Heavens, you don't suppose Whiskey is going to have kittens, do you?"

THE WAYWARD PRESS

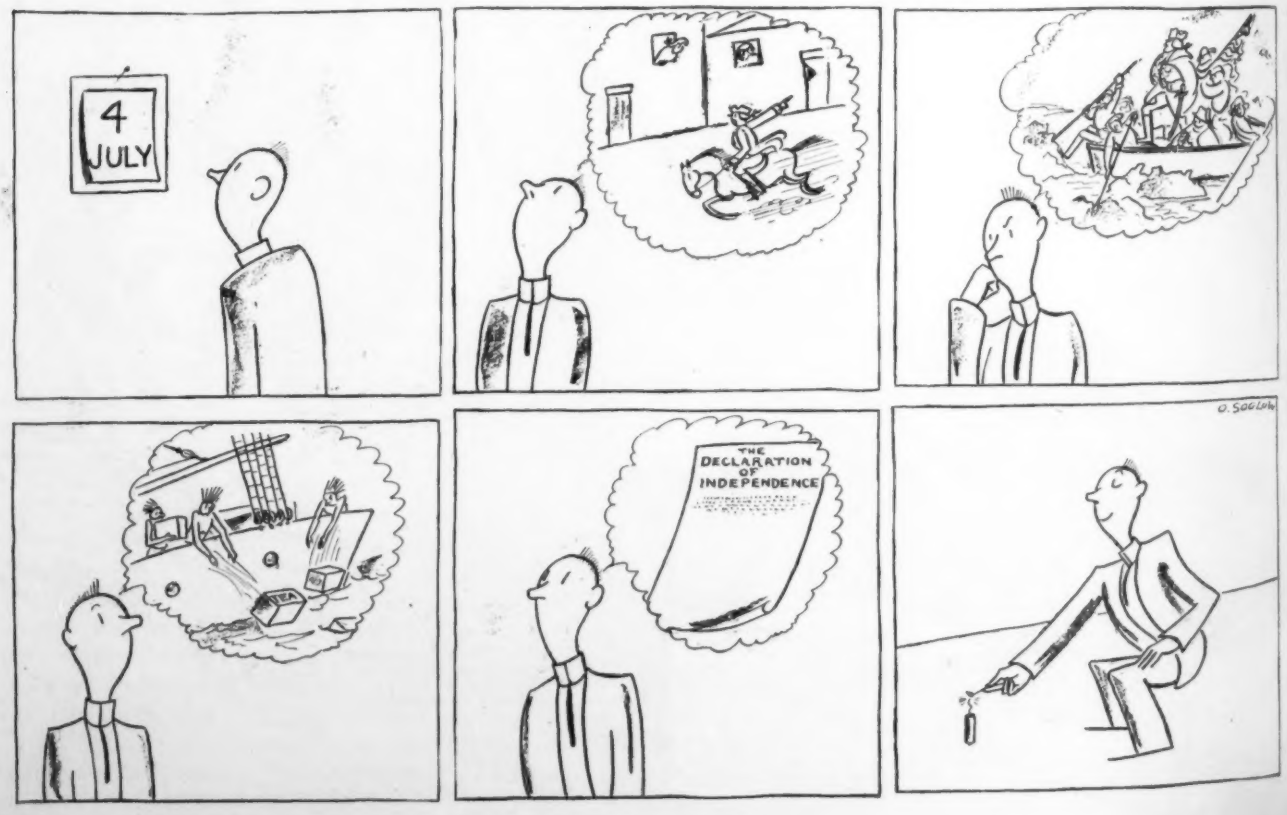
SCOOPS AND DENIALS

SOME people predict that the radio will eventually cut into the newspapers. (We regret that we haven't time to make predictions like that ourself.) Anyway, it's true that radio stations are broadcasting news—a trifle airy sometimes, but news just the same. It is also true that a news-gathering association has been formed which supplies radio stations with a bulletin service. This is said to be a very nervous, excitable organization whose aim is to enable the radio to beat the papers. In Cleveland, at the time of the hospital explosion, the radio did beat the papers, by forty minutes. The actual time saved was the time the papers frittered away in composition and presswork.

We haven't figured out just what course a radio station adopts when, in the middle of a song by Rudy Vallée, it learns that the Kensico Dam has burst. The radio public certainly wouldn't stand for interrupting Rudy just to hear about an old busted dam, yet the newspapers wouldn't stand around idle, let us tell you. Newspapers don't care who is singing. Half the time they don't care who is talking. They get the news, first, last, and always. The *Times* gets it first, last, and always, *twice*. We feel reasonably sure that at least two tabloids would be on the street with a DAM EXTRA before Mr. Vallée had crooned the final note. He sings rather slow. Indeed, we seriously doubt that the papers need fear radio competition. Even if the radio could figure out a way to report a broken dam during a Vallée love song (which might conceivably be arranged by having the news announcer interpolate a whispered obbligato, pianissimo: "The Kensico Dam has burst, folks, the Kensico Dam has burst!"), even if that difficulty were solved, the papers would be fairly safe, because newspaper-reading is a habit, like cigarette-smoking—a habit that would be hard for most people to break themselves of, especially while the papers continue to provide such a diverting fare of good writing and comical.

LAST week we heard the Poughkeepsie races broadcast, and as twilight settled down on the world we felt more than ever sure that the newspapers had nothing to worry about from the radio. Graham McNamee on a bridge in total darkness gave the nation one of the strangest stories of rowing ever told. "It looks as if Wisconsin," said he. "No, it looks as if M.I.T. Wait a minute. Now over at the extreme bank on account of the angle it's hard to tell at least three hundred yards two hundred yards here they are now here comes Syracuse long swinging rhythmic strokes they're coming with those long swinging rhythmic strokes no it isn't Syracuse it's the Navy with long swinging rhythmic strokes. Now if you'll bear with me folks I'll go to the other side of the bridge and continue the account from there." Twenty minutes of that and we were perfectly content to wait for morning, when we could curl up with a good newspaper.

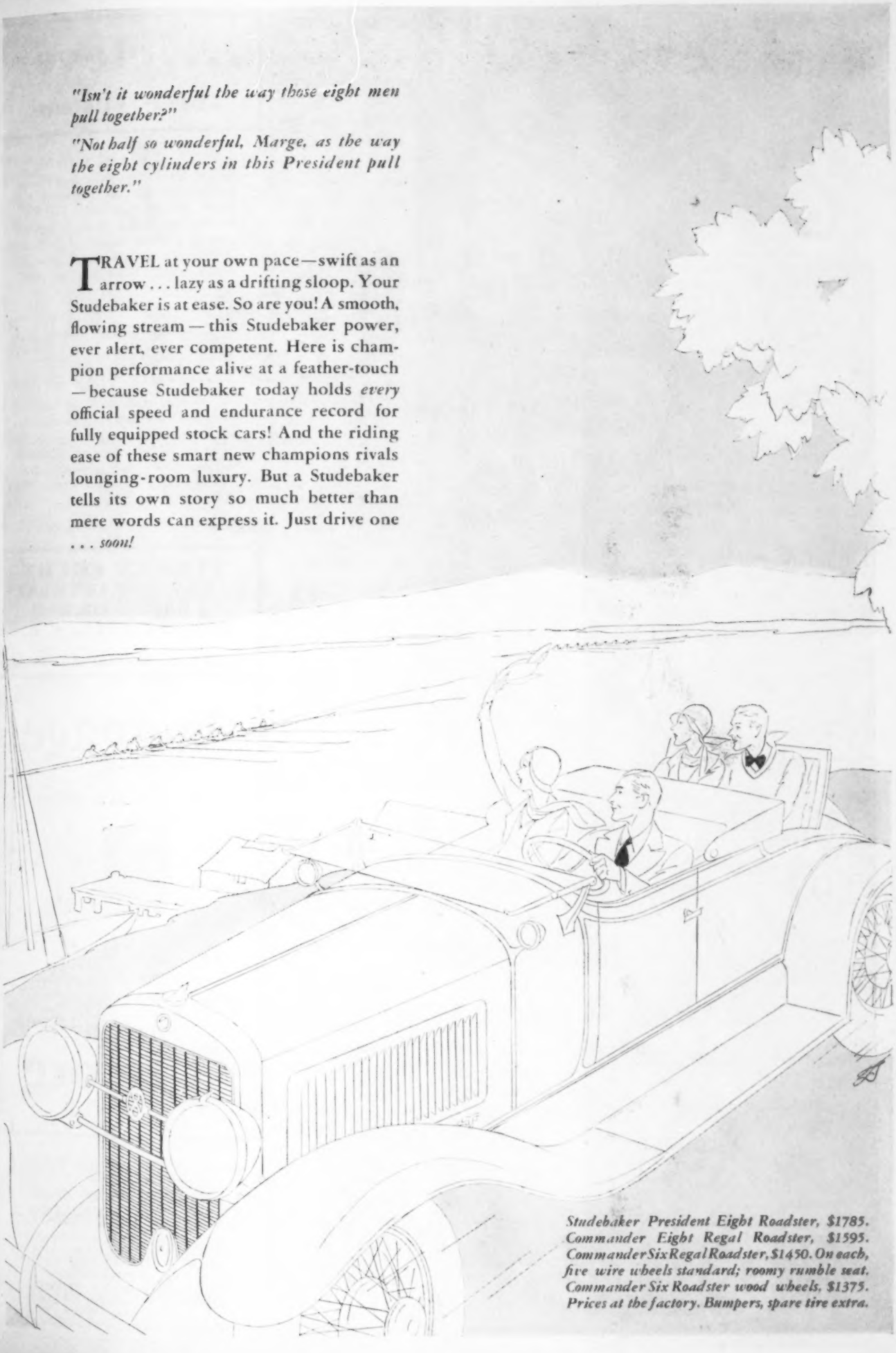
IN this hot weather, the only thing more confusing than a radio account of a crew race is the *Evening Post* on the subject of policemen's uniforms. The *Post's* story (by Dorothy Ducas) announcing that eighteen thousand patrolmen disapproved of the new uniforms was fairly intelligible during the first edition. It wasn't until the afternoon wore on and later editions began to appear that the story began to lose some of its deadly clarity. It wasn't until a complete denial of the whole thing was printed right next to it, in



"Isn't it wonderful the way those eight men pull together?"

"Not half so wonderful, Marge, as the way the eight cylinders in this President pull together."

TRAVEL at your own pace—swift as an arrow . . . lazy as a drifting sloop. Your Studebaker is at ease. So are you! A smooth, flowing stream — this Studebaker power, ever alert, ever competent. Here is champion performance alive at a feather-touch —because Studebaker today holds *every* official speed and endurance record for fully equipped stock cars! And the riding ease of these smart new champions rivals lounging-room luxury. But a Studebaker tells its own story so much better than mere words can express it. Just drive one . . . *soon!*



Studebaker President Eight Roadster, $1785. Commander Eight Regal Roadster, $1595. Commander Six Regal Roadster, $1450. On each, five wire wheels standard; roomy rumble seat. Commander Six Roadster wood wheels, $1375. Prices at the factory. Bumpers, spare tire extra.

Because it affords opportunity for the gratification of individual taste, the Custom Eight by Packard is in increasing favor.

The complete line includes three open and six closed models, graceful, distinctive, dependable, powerful.

Built on a 140-inch wheelbase chassis, and equipped with the new, exclusive Packard Shock Absorbing System, these models provide luxurious comfort for perfect motoring.

These early summer days are ideal for a demonstration drive. A phone call brings the preferred model to your door.

Priced from $3320 to $4155, delivered.

PACKARD

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY of NEW YORK
Packard Building
Broadway at 61st Street
and Broadway at Sherman Ave.
(near 196th Street)

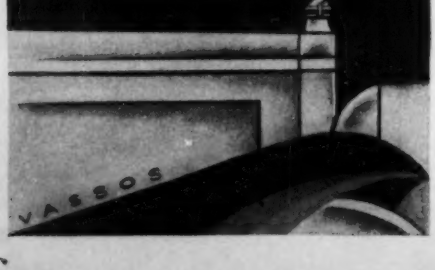
BROOKLYN
Atlantic at Classon Ave.

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC
6 East 57th Street

WEST END PACKARD COMPANY, INC
Broadway at 106th St.

PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 184th St.

Ask the man who owns one



an adjoining column, that we began to have difficulty with it. The article was headed "18,000 POLICE JOIN IN 'RAZZING' UNIFORM DESIGNED BY WHALEN." So far so good; but in the third paragraph a Mr. Cummings began to come into the story. He came in like this: "'They don't want new uniforms,' said Patrolman Cummings. 'They don't even like the hats they are wearing now.'" Right at this point our wandering eye roved over to the next column. "POLICEMAN IN DENIAL HE CRITICIZED UNIFORMS," we read. At first we assumed it was another policeman. Not a bit of it. It turned out to be none other than this same Patrolman Cummings, whom we thought we'd left safely in the other column, carping away. "My attention has just been called," hat-belittler Cummings went on, "to an article appearing in the Home Edition of the *New York Evening Post*." [Here he quoted almost the entire article, which was pretty silly in view of the fact that there it was right in the next column.] "I wish to emphatically deny that I have made any such statement to any representative of your newspaper, or any other newspaper, that the statement is false from beginning to end." Well, there we were, up a tree, not knowing whether eighteen thousand patrolmen had criticized their uniforms or not. We do feel that if the *Post* publicly denies one of its own stories, it ought to go the whole way, for the sake of consistency, and publicly deny *all* of its stories.

PROBABLY the thing we have the most trouble with in the papers is keeping track of the various exposés, analyses, and copyrighted features. We have the South Pole pretty well under our thumb, because we can count on it; but it's the serial stories that are here today and gone tomorrow that bother us. Take the Canadian border: the *World* got all excited about the Canadian border one morning, and for a while we thought maybe some-

• • •

....clever these Tuscans

FANCY living in Great Neck and enjoying all the advantages of an apartment that looks, for all the world, like a tremendously interesting group of attached small homes. . . . That's Tuscan Court, patterned after the architecture of Tuscany, in northern Italy.

•

Unexcelled swimming, boating, golf, tennis and riding.

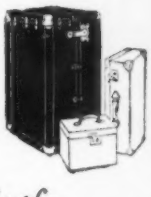
•

4-7 Rooms with roof gardens. 1-3 baths. Wood-burning fireplaces; electric refrigeration; private, secluded gardens. Service entrances. Servant and garage accommodations on premises. 28 minutes from New York. 63 trains daily.

Illustrated floor plans and booklet mailed on request

TUSCAN COURT GARDEN APARTMENTS
75 MIDDLE NECK ROAD
GREAT NECK, L. I.
'Phones Great Neck 921—1120

Luggage
for summer travel



Also depot for
VUITTON *Trunks and Service*
16 EAST 52ND STREET, NEW YORK
Arthur Gilmore INC.

WHY The New Yorker Should Vacation at
AVON BY-THE-SEA
BECAUSE A Vacation must be a change. Here is Ocean—River, Country! Every Sport and Pastime and Bathing direct from the
BUCKINGHAM HOTEL
A. L. Harvey & Sons
RATES SURPRISINGLY MODERATE

He treated German Royalty

..Read his advice about Constipation and Skin Troubles

DR. KURT HENIUS, physician to former German royalty, is a distinguished lecturer in the Intestinal Clinic connected with the world-famous University of Berlin, and personal physician to one of Germany's leading industrial magnates.

A BRILLIANT rise to medical leadership in Berlin early marked Dr. Kurt Henius as a natural choice for physician to German royalty. He ranks today as a world authority on the intestinal tract. He recently said:

"IN CONSTIPATION, *yeast causes peristaltic motion and easy elimination. It has the ability to suppress harmful bacteria in the intestine. In furunculosis (boils), often connected with irregular intestinal habits, yeast is one of the most dependable remedies.*"

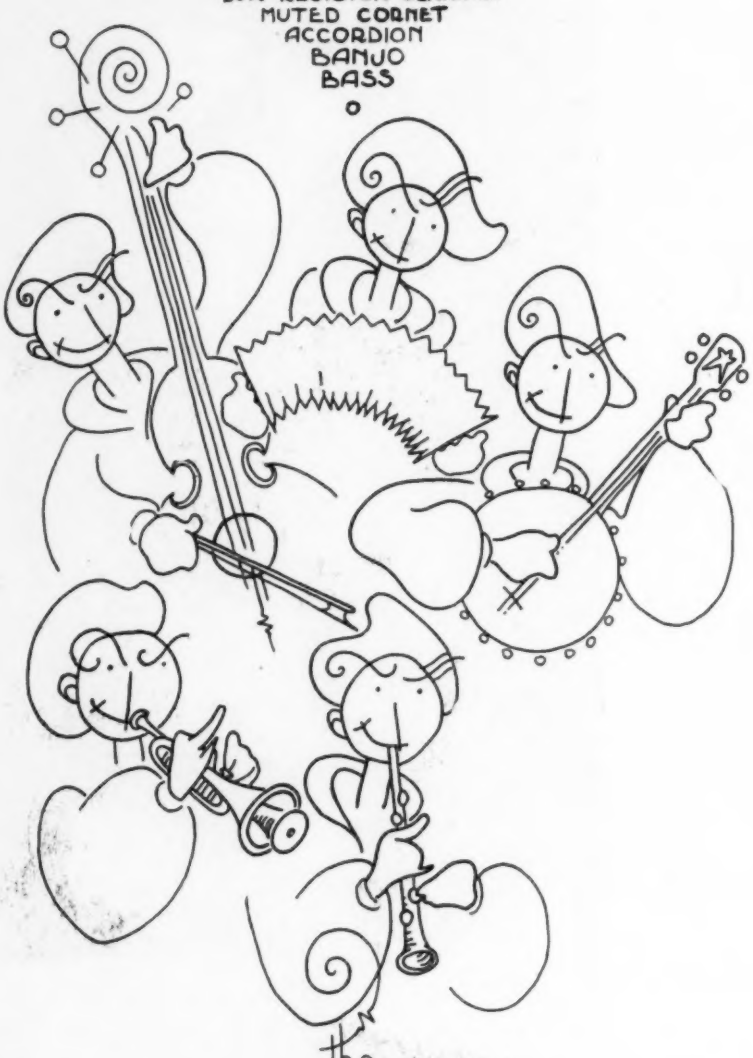
When you eat the fresh food, Fleischmann's Yeast, millions of living, active yeast plants pass daily through your intestines. Gently, naturally, these living yeast plants stimulate bowel action, check the formation of the poisons that cause so many of our common ills.

That is how Fleischmann's Yeast purifies the whole system. When constipation goes, your old energy returns. You digest your food more easily. Headaches cease. Ugly skin eruptions almost magically disappear!

What simpler, more natural way to glowing, clear-skinned health than this way which famous doctors recommend? Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast daily, one before each meal or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as is pleasant to drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. Y-101, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

Copyright 1929, The Fleischmann Company

Don Dickerman
PRESENTS
HIS OWN IDEA OF THE
° PERFECT SMALL BAND °
LOW-REGISTER CLARINET
MUTED CORNET
ACCORDION
BANJO
BASS
°



the
NEW
BLUE HORSE BLUES
"A NEW BLEND AND A PLEASANT RELIEF"
BROADCASTING
WABC
AND PLAYING NIGHTLY AT
THE
BLUE HORSE
#21 · EAST · 8th.

OLDEST AND MOST PICTURESQUE
RESTAURANT IN GREENWICH VILLAGE
FAMOUS FOR ITS SECOND HELPINGS
AND FRESHLY LAUNDERED COATS
FOR HOT WEATHER
DANCING

thing would come of it—possibly a new border, or a better Canada. But after a couple of days the border stole quietly away (not, however, before the *World* had supplied the reading public with that classic sentence in which Kenneth Campbell, border expert, had mentioned boys who used to "harry luckless apple vendors" and which the copy desk, ever on the watch for new personalities, changed to "Harry Luckless apple vendors.") Then there was the *Post's* rum series by Mrs. Sinclair Lewis, in which the city of Montreal turned up one sunny afternoon with one hundred and thirty-six cafés, three hundred and one beer taverns, eight hundred and one beer stores, and seventy-six liquor stores. Just out of a clear sky. Meanwhile the *Telegram* was running daily articles about Quarantine and the conditions at the Narrows. We knew that the *Telegram* wasn't a paper that would be content with nothing but faulty Narrows to worry about. We were right. Promptly on the afternoon of June 25 the *Telegram* augmented its civic worries by taking on a Study of Crime. "What," the *Telegram* asked itself, "are the criminals doing?" Other questions the *Telegram* is expected to ask itself shortly are: What are the Boy Scouts doing? What are the Daughters of the American Revolution doing? and What is your grandmother doing?

Unfortunately, the question of the Boy Scouts' activities has already been answered. Come to think of it, the papers have told us, once a year as far back as we can remember, what the Boy Scouts are doing. They are running the city government for a day. This is known as Hooey Day. A Scout,

whose name is usually William Conroy, appears in all papers. He is at the phone, and has an important paper in one hand. The only alleviating feature of the occasion is that in the tabloids the Scout's picture usually appears next to someone like Dr. Snook, which must set the Scout's mother thinking.

AT this late date we must mention that at last a newspaper editorial has been written which takes in everything. We knew it would be. The *Telegram* finally did it. We refer to the editorial on the death of Ed Gallagher—of Gallagher and Shean. The editorial not only had a cosmic swing but it had a strange febrile inclusiveness. It started with Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean, swept along logically into the power of chemicals, the destruction of Nineveh, the League of Nations, reparations, the uses of dynamite, and the prospect of future wars. From there it went majestically into President Hoover's Memorial Day address, leaving that only when it came to rolling mills, prohibition, and graft. At length, toward the end, the writer began to catch his full stride and we came upon the real theme: ballast. There followed a full paragraph on ballast, including a neat reference to Arctic exploration and frontiersmen. Then back again to Ed Gallagher for a well-rounded conclusion and two metaphors. It ended in a burst of history, physics, and morality such as has seldom (or should we say often?) graced the pages of our daily press. The only conceivable way we can figure out such an editorial could have been written is through the receipt, by the editorial writer, of a telephone message from the Scripps-Howard chief asking that it be written, outlining it—and not a very good telephone connection at that.

SINCE our stand on *World* animal stories is known, we feel obliged (indeed, happy) to eat dirt and say that on June 21, page 15, there appeared a column-and-a-half story about cats which we read to the bitter end, and liked. It was by Elenore Kellogg. One of the cats was named O'Connor.

—S. FINNY

•

MAN SAYS HE SAW HALL-MILLS CRIME
DETROIT PRISONER EITHER SINCERE
ABOUT SEEING OLD MURDER OR IS LYING
—*Headline in the York (Pa.) Gazette.*

Or is Ed Wynn.

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE VANISHING LADY

THEN there was the story—told me some years ago as a true copy of a leaf from the dread secret archives of the Paris police—of the woman who disappeared during the World Exposition as suddenly, as completely and as inexplicably as did Dorothy Arnold ten years later from the sidewalks of New York.

As I first heard the story, it began with the arrival from Marseilles of an Englishwoman and her young, inexperienced daughter, a girl of seventeen or thereabouts. The mother was the frail, pretty widow of an English officer who had been stationed in India, and the two had just come from Bombay, bound for home. In the knowledge that, after reaching there, she would soon have to cross to Paris to sign some papers affecting her husband's estate, she decided at the last minute to shift her passage to a Marseilles steamer, and, by going direct to Paris, look up the lawyers there and finish her business before crossing the Channel to settle forever and a day in the Warwickshire village where she was born.

Paris was so tumultuously crowded for the Exposition that they counted themselves fortunate when the *cocher* deposited them at the Crillon, and they learned that their precautionary telegram from Marseilles had miraculously caught a room on the wing—a double room with a fine, spacious sitting-room looking out on the Place de la Concorde. I could wish that they had wired one of those less magnificent caravanseries, if only that I might revel again in such a name as the Hotel of Jacob and of England, or, better still, the Hotel of the Universe and of Portugal. But, as the story reached me, it was to the Crillon that they went.

The long windows of their sitting-room gave on a narrow, stone-railed balcony and were half-shrouded in heavy curtains of plum-colored velvet. As again and again the girl later on had occasion to describe the look of that room when first she saw it, the walls were papered in old rose. A high-backed sofa, an oval satinwood table, a mantel with an ormolu clock that had run down—these also she recalled.

The girl was the more relieved that there would be no need of a house-to-house search for rooms, for the mother had seemed unendurably exhausted from the long train ride, and was now of such a color that the girl's first idea was to call the house physician, hoping fervently that he spoke English, for neither she nor her mother spoke any French at all.

THE doctor, when he came—a dusty, smelly little man with a wrinkled face lost in a thicket of whiskers, and a reassuring Legion of Honor ribbon in the buttonhole of his lapel—did speak a little English. After a long, grave look and a few questions put to the tired woman on the bed in the shaded room, he called the girl into the sitting-room and told her frankly that her mother's condition was serious; that it was out of the question for them to think of going on to England next day; that on the morrow she might better be moved to a hospital, etc., etc.

All these things he would attend to. In the meantime he wanted the girl to go at once to his home and fetch him a medicine that his wife would give her. It could not be as quickly prepared in any chemist's. Unfortunately, he lived on the other side of Paris and had no telephone, and with all Paris *en fête* it would be perilous to rely on any messenger. Indeed, it would be a saving of time and worry if she could go, armed with a note to his wife he was even then scribbling in French at a desk in the sitting-room. In the lobby below, the manager of the hotel, after an excited colloquy with the doctor, took charge of her most sympathetically, himself putting her into a *sapin* and, as far as she could judge, volubly directing the driver how to reach a certain house in the Rue Val du Grâce, near the Observatoire.

IT was then that the girl's agony began, for the ramshackle victoria crawled through the festive streets and, as she afterwards realized, more often than not crawled in the wrong direction. The house in the Rue Val du Grâce seemed to stand at the other end of the world, when the carriage came at last to a halt in front of it. The girl grew old in the time which passed before any answer came to her ring at the bell. The doctor's wife, when finally she appeared, read his note again and again, then with much muttering and rattling of keys stationed the girl in an airless waiting room and left her there so long that she was weeping for very desperation, before the medicine was found, wrapped and turned over to her.

A hundred times during that wait she rose and started for the door, determined to stay no longer but to run back empty-handed through the streets to her mother's bedside. A thousand times in the wretched weeks that followed she loathed herself for not having obeyed that impulse. But always there was the feeling that having come so far and having waited so long, she must not leave without the medicine just for lack of the strength of will to stick it out a little longer—perhaps only a few minutes longer.

Then the snail's pace trip back to the Right Bank was another nightmare, and it ended only when, at the *cocher's* mulish determination to deliver her to some hotel in the Place Vendôme, she leaped to the street and in sheer terror appealed for help to a passing young man whose alien tweeds and boots told her he was a compatriot of hers.

He was still standing guard beside her five minutes later when, at long last, she arrived at the desk of the Crillon and called for her key, only to have the very clerk who had handed her a pen to register with that morning look at her without recognition and blandly ask "Whom does Mademoiselle wish to see?" At that a cold fear clutched her heart, a sudden surrender to a panic that she had fought back as preposterous when first it visited her as she sat and twisted her handkerchief in the waiting room of the doctor's office on the Left Bank; a panic born when, after the doctor had casually told her he had no telephone, she heard the fretful ringing of its bell on the other side of his walnut door.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

(*To be continued*)

We offer this ray of hope

WE are awfully sorry about this thing. We started building Frigidaires for the select few. You know—like us readers of the New Yorker.

We finished them in porcelain enamel, furnished them with Turnstedt hardware—did everything we could to keep them in the luxury class. We even put on the new famous Cold Control to freeze dessert better and make ice cubes quicker.

But people bought so many . . . more than a million . . . the price came down and when the price came down more bought them, so it's no longer a social distinction to have one.

But to have two Frigidaires—that's still something. And if you'll come around to Winston Paul's showroom at 39 West 45th, you'll discover that things have happened since you bought your first that might make you want to take a few additional steps in the direction of completely modern refrigeration.

FRIGIDAIRE

More than a million in use

Winston Paul
39 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me more about the "ray of hope".

Name_____

Address_____

YES, IT *is* AMAZING

years of study—thousands of experiments by one of the great beauty authorities of the world . . .

NOW . . .

a powder blended with scientific accuracy for your individual type of skin!

Oh yes, there have been "light" powders, "heavy" powders, "specially sifted" powders . . . all very well in their limited way—

Now, after seven years and more than half a million dollars' expenditure, the House of Pinaud itself offers you not merely a *new* powder, but *your* powder . . .

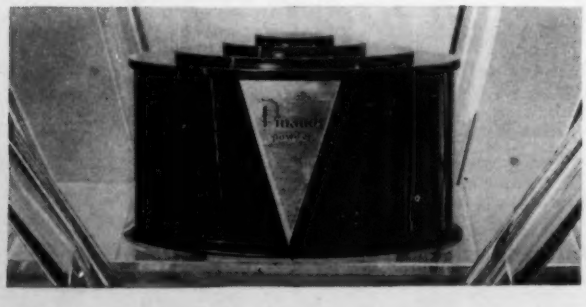
So exquisitely blended to your particular type of skin that its effect is scarcely that of a powder at all!

For it *is* you—that's the lovely part of it: not just an obvious powder-coating, but an accenting and perfecting of the loveliness which is YOU.

The secret? This new powder is made, not in one gradation, but in *two:* TYPE ONE, for the "normal" or slightly oily skin; TYPE TWO, for the skin inclined to dryness.

Choose the one for you—and this very day, take a new adventure in Beauty. (Naturally, because so perfectly adapted to your individual type of skin, it is a beauty which lasts and lasts and *lasts!*)

Year on year Pinaud has been working in the vast research rooms outside the walls of Paris, in the great Pinaud laboratories in New York . . . Today Pinaud offers you with this new powder a greater loveliness than you have even dreamed. Made in six flattering shades . . . two dollars the box . . . At your favorite smart shop—simply ask for



the new powder

by Pinaud

PARIS · NEW YORK

Copyright, Pinaud, 1929

The newest note in the mode today is what smart women term "The Pinaud Complexion."

There *are* good snakes!

This coiled-up serpent with his red rubber tongue is a great beach companion. Or take a large, green, blown-up rubber frog or any one of the animals from our beach menagerie. If you don't swim, they'll teach you how. If you do, they're fun for racing and water games.

There are many new water and sand games for pleasure and exercise that enliven a beach party, pump ozone into unused parts of your lungs and new life into your winter-tired body.

As for clothes—never were there more colorful, more suitable or more stylish clothes for beach wear. We have the latest ideas from European beaches for men and women. Before you go to the beach, come here.

Rappo for Beach Exercise

Rubber Animals

Beach Balls

Bathing Suits for Men and Women

Beach Shoes and Sandals

Beach Robes, Men and Women

Beach Pillows and Bathing Bags

Surf Boards

Women's Bathing and Diving Caps

Bandanas and Belts

Send for booklet "Play Hours"

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

The Greatest SPORTING GOODS STORE *in the World*

MADISON AVE. AT 45TH STREET, NEW YORK

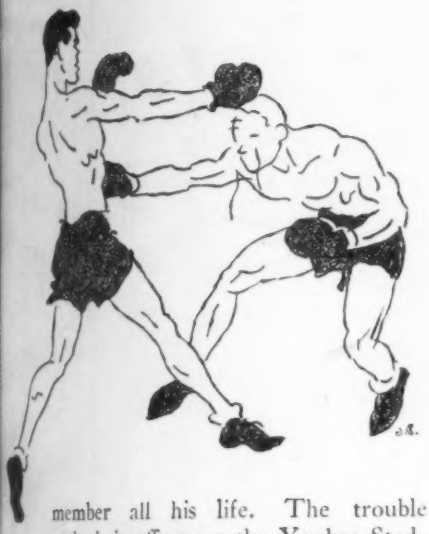
A&F

Von Lengerke & Detmold, Inc., is now combined and housed with Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

BOXING

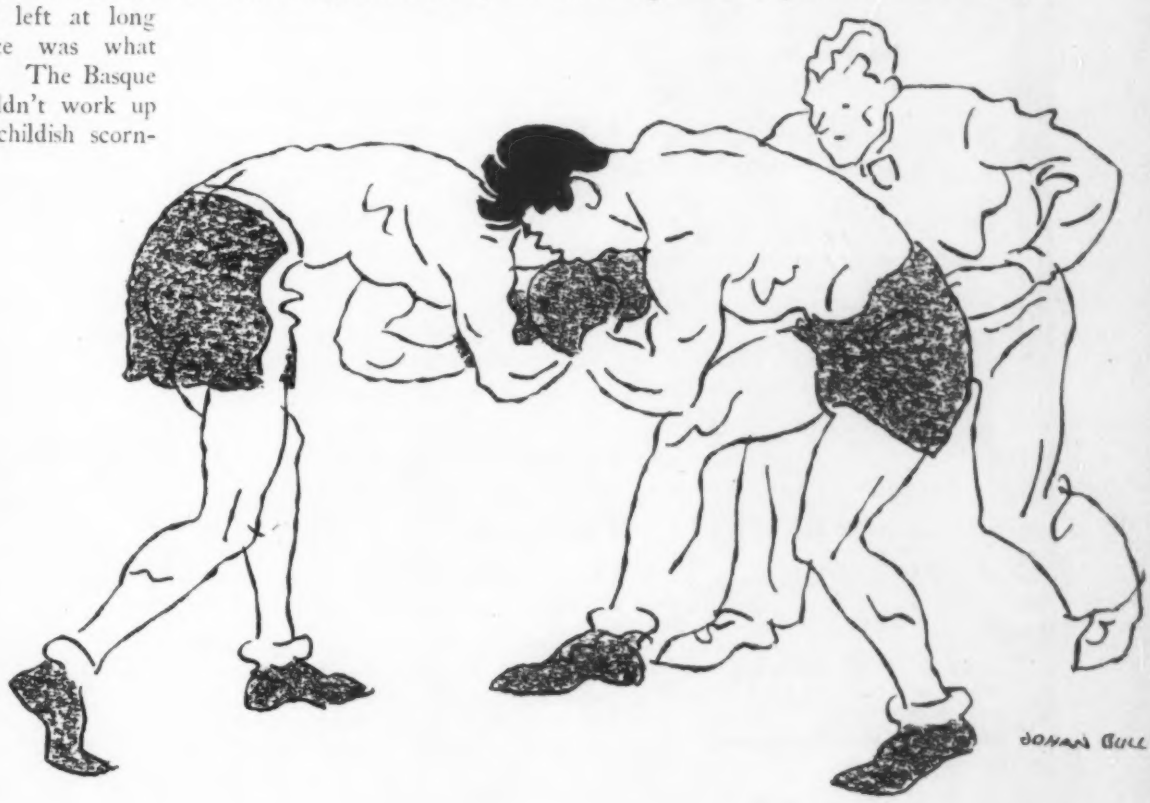
Goat-Fight at the Stadium—Mr. Touchstone's Opinion—Social Background of Herr Schmeling

IF Paulino and Schmeling had never heard of each other, and somebody introduced them in a gym and got them in the ring for a workout, anyone around at the time would have seen a fight he would remember all his life. The trouble with their efforts at the Yankee Stadium was that they had been reading the papers. Schmeling, it is true, has improved. He followed methodically and intelligently the plan Joe Jacobs had taught him of keeping his head down with Paulino's in the clinches and working with his left at long range. His intelligence was what made the bout tiresome. The Basque was respectful; he couldn't work up his usual ferocity and childish scornfulness. It's hard to think of anything duller than the period when, snorting and puffing, they stood with their foreheads pressed together, landing awkward, light punches on each other's gloves, ribs, and chests. Referee Donovan might have speeded things up if he had insisted on action; Lou Magnolia, who, as one of the judges, was sitting a few feet away, usually shakes his long forefinger dramatically in such circumstances, telling the boys to fight or he'll send them back to the dressing-room.



THE crowd that had come up expecting excitement based its anticipation on the personalities rather than the abilities of the two principals. Only one man there had a definite means of knowing what they could do. He was Benny Touchstone, an agile young heavyweight who spent several weeks in Paulino's camp at Hoosick Falls. For a while he fought the way Paulino wanted to be fought, but one day the big Spaniard hit him when he had his legs crossed, and knocked him down. That hurt Touchstone's feelings, and when he was kidded about his fall he said he was going to get even. The next afternoon he made his employer look foolish by boxing too smartly. When he was told that his services weren't wanted any more, he packed his bag and went down to Schmeling's camp to see if they could use him there. No, they couldn't. It was getting near fight time, and they didn't need any boxers around the camp. So young Touchstone just stayed to lunch and saw the German work out, and after reflection said unexpectedly that he thought Paulino was the better of the two. His mistake suggests the rule, generally true, I think, that fighters' opinions of other fighters aren't much good even on the rare occasions when they seem to be sincere.

SCHMELING's new left, and the short rights which, delivered downward from a fist held high and always in position, cut Paulino's face so badly, will probably be effective enough to knock out Sharkey in September. As champion, Schmeling would revive the importance of the class of big-time sports whose influence has waned in boxing circles since Tunney brought respectability to the business. Schmeling's Broadway friends, whose demon-



JOHN DAVID

Fashions For Men

STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES KNOX HATS — MEN'S FURNISHINGS MALLORY HATS

Dine And Dance With Comfort In The New

Double-Breasted "Nonchalant" Warm-Weather Dinner Jacket

(COAT AND TROUSERS)

$55

Extremely light-weight; porous; cool; comfortable. No waistcoat required. Worn with trousers to match or white flannels. The latest and smartest metropolitan fashion for dining and dancing in town; at country clubs; vacation resorts or on shipboard. Skeleton silk-lined.

EXCLUSIVE, BUT NOT EXPENSIVE

COMPARE!

Broadway At 32nd St. 1268 Broadway
338 Madison Avenue
125-27 W. 42nd St.
Broadway At Warren

Fifth Avenue At 43rd St.
Exchange Place At New
62 Broadway, Below Wall
Nassau At Maiden Lane
Cortlandt St. At Church

Two Convenient Shops In Brooklyn

Court Street At Remsen — Fulton Street At Smith

strated personal interest in his welfare has suggested commercial connections less clearly defined, are leaders in a social world that Tunney never figured in, and that Dempsey broke with, at least temporarily, when he stopped being a pal of Dapper Jack Kearns. One of them is Bill Dwyer, who owns a hockey team, the Americans, and is also interested in horse-racing. Schmeling had his training quarters on Dwyer's stud-farm. Dwyer, who came to the fight without a hat and looked on through horn-rimmed glasses, is known as a genial fellow and a good sport. Some of Schmeling's other friends are also well-known. There is Max Boo Boo Hoff of Philadelphia, and Pete Riley, and a fellow named Blackie, who runs Connor's Hotel at Water Witch, New Jersey, where Schmeling ate seafood.

Paulino's friends are less sophisticated and not many of them can talk English.

THERE was a lot to see besides the main event. K. O. Christner losing two gold teeth in the eighth round of his great fight with Von Porat; the Governor of Michigan coming in late; the exaggerated eyes that peered down from the dark bleachers where light was reflected for a second on the lenses of binoculars; and the little flares, like glow-worms, of matches being struck. One of the signs on the corner of the stadium had been put up carelessly and gave the wrong direction to thousands of spectators looking for the gates indicated on their tickets. Half the cops around the place seemed to be speculating. They asked if you had your seat; if you hadn't, they tried to sell you one. Angus Snyder, a promising heavyweight from Dodge City, Kansas, bluffed his way through the fourth round, after being in bad shape, and came back to flatten Johnny Grosso in the fifth. From his ringside seat Commissioner Whalen passed banter with his uniformed and un-uniformed subordinates, stationed there—it was understood—to find the man who shot Frank Marlow. —N. B., JR.

•

There are 71 west-bound and 72 east-bound passenger trains each day, and the number of freights is estimated at about 30 each way, which makes a total of "My Jesus, I Love Thee" and more than this and on Sunday less.—*Plainfield (N. J.) Courier News.*

To us a surprising total.

Now You can *Enjoy* getting a *LOVELY PERMANENT* by this new Method

You will hardly feel our new machines on your head, they are so light and comfortable. While you are getting a beautiful natural looking permanent, you can read, talk, 'phone, even step about.

Real comfort!—and the wave will be really lovely. Phone for an appointment.

Murray Hill 4984-4985

Paul OF FIFTH AVENUE
595 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
Entrance on 48th Street

Design your own *Rental* Apartment

You can have double height ceilings, full length windows, marvelous closets, colored bathrooms—and anything else you can imagine wanting in an apartment . . . if you act now before construction starts.

Renting Agent:

A. G. Walker & Co., Inc.
565 Lexington Ave. Plaza 5750

44 GRAMERCY PARK *North*

EAST SIDE WEST SIDE
All around the town

—We find apartments and save you 50% of the usual tiresome hunting.

For instance, we have an apartment on Park Avenue in the Fifties which you can rent for $1,000, less than the present tenant. Write or telephone.

FRANK C. LOWE, JR.
84 William Street Beekman 2554

TEE AND GREEN

Another Open Championship—How to Take Ten—Shows on the Side

CERTAINLY no National Open ever began in better weather. The air seemed unusually clear and sensitive; while you were watching some player putt you could hear on another fairway the short, definite sound of an iron shot, or the applause of a gallery around some hidden tee. You applauded almost anything—and that was just as well—but even players who were doing badly retained at least the aspects of good humor as they tramped along on a summer day. There was blasting somewhere in the woods to the north, a dim occasional cannonade that confirmed the suggestion of a sham battle present in every golf tournament.

Each crowd was a complete unit, and inevitably the four biggest units at the beginning were built around Jones, Hagen, Sarazen, and Diegel.

MEHLHORN too had a pretty good gallery at the start. It melted away after the sixth hole of his first round. On that hole he did what will probably stand for some time as a record for a star golfer in an important tournament. He took a 10. The professional way of taking a 10 is something you ought to know. To begin with, he hit his tee-shot into the shallow bunker at the left of the fairway. He put his second into a brook, took his penalty, and went into the bank with the fourth. His fifth hit a tree and kicked into the rough. He was short with his sixth, and his seventh, a weak chip, barely got to the edge of the green. He took three putts. On other parts of the course, golfers just as good as Mehlhorn were doing the same sort of thing. Johnny Farrell took an 8 on the eighth, where he went to pieces in a bunker. For the first round of a defending champion that, too, was probably a record. A few minutes later Jones, puffing slightly, though it was not a hot day, posted the 69 that gave him his early lead.

DIEGEL, while he took a 74, did not share the holiday feeling. Once, after missing a putt, he boosted his putter with his foot. Another time, when a caddy laid a shadow near his ball but not across his line, Diegel asked the boy nervously and ironically to give him a break. The caddy stood well behind the pin as he started to putt, but Diegel motioned him still further back. Obviously unsteady, he missed the putt and dubbed his next tee-shot. Hagen had as little luck as Diegel making his ball drop. His long putts—and he had several that looked perfect—hung on the lip of the cup; no matter how methodically he worked his big, ornate shoes into the sand of a bunker, getting set for one of his characteristic recoveries, the shot usually disappointed him.

LIKE all big tournaments, it was a drama of disconnected incidents and glimpses: The professionals in silk shirts, in knickers, stockings, and sweaters of pastel shades; the amateurs in old clothes and dirty shoes. . . . The marshals bossing, getting sore with an Italian who ran a loud gasoline lawnmower. . . . The roar at the eighteenth green when Jones sank his putt for a 69. . . . The spectators with little yellow periscopes. . . . The man in the blue suit telling the gateman to let him in—that he was Grantland Rice and had forgotten his badge. . . . The same fellow turning out to be Grantland Rice. . . . Ware & Company's stock-quotation board on the clubhouse porch. . . . Frank Ball in a blue sweater laying his tee-shot dead on the tenth. . . . The thermos bottle strapped to Horton Smith's bag. . . . Johnny Weissmuller, the swimmer, eating lunch by himself. . . . Alex Smith, former Open champion, now a spectator, strolling after Sarazen. . . . O. B. Keeler, Bobby Jones' great friend, looking pale and worried when Jones slipped over par on the first nine. . . . Stocky Bill Burke handing his cigar to the caddy before putting. His real name is Burkowski; he used to caddy at the Greenwich Country Club. . . . The familiar double question in the locker-room: "How do you feel; what

A Winner... in Summer

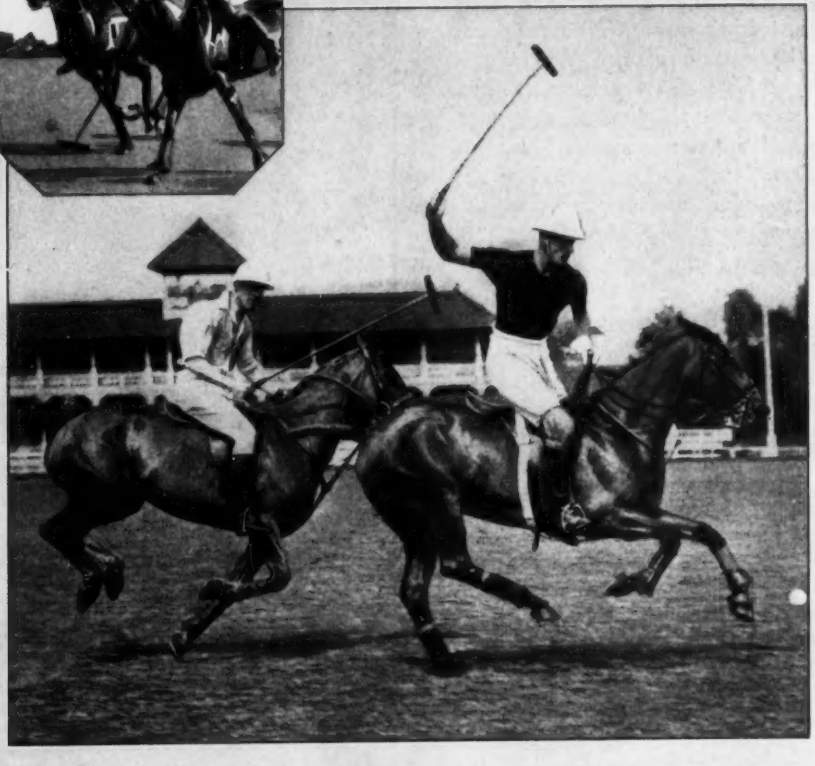
YOU can't use oranges for polo balls — but you certainly *can* use Mission Dry for highballs and horses-necks. To curb an unbridled thirst there's nothing in all the world like a frosty black bottle of Mission Dry, the amazing new sparkling orange beverage from California. It is made from fresh orange juice and is so skilfully compounded that it elevates the tone of any company in which it mixes.

Bottled at the groves by California Crushed Fruit Corporation. Los Angeles New York Chicago

Available wherever choice bottled beverages are served or sold —including Charles & Co., Gristede Bros., Park & Tilford, Acker, Merrall & Condit —Bamberger in Newark.

THE SIMPLIFIED
GRAFLEX

The Camera for Pictures That Are Hard To Get



Ponies full tilt . . . mallets slashing, puck zipping across the turf—polo. Swiftest of sports. Too swift for even the practiced eye of an artist to catch the details—but not too swift for a Graflex.

There's only one camera for such pictures—the Graflex! Incredible speed. Absolute certainty of focus. The camera to which no picture is impossible. It eliminates guesswork.

Graflex "Series B", 3¼"x 4¼", speed up to 1/1000 second—$80. . . . . Other models $85 to $375.

FEATURED BY THE BEST DEALER EVERYWHERE

GRAFLEX

PERFECTLY SIMPLE — SIMPLY PERFECT

FOLMER GRAFLEX CORP. ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

score did you make?" And the usual reply of "Eighty. Fine, otherwise." . . . Gil Nichols, fifteen years ago one of the most important competitors in the game, but who for some reason never won his close matches, walking off the ninth green unrecognized by the gallery that had collected to watch some contemporary celebrity playing up behind him. . . . The question whether all these girls with sunburned backs and arms had been in swimming, on a roof, or buying the color. . . . Westbrook Pegler stimulated by the scores on the board into remarking that he went around himself in a barouche. . . . Old Jack White of Scotland holing a 175-yard mashie shot for a 2 at the second. . . . Thomas Meighan following his friend Mac Smith. . . . The woman who tied her admission badge to the collar of her bulldog. . . . The reflection that after all nobody wins the Open. A lot of people lose it.

—N. B., Jr.

•

FLYING TRAPEZE

Under the canvas sky,
High,
Poise, toes taut, on the rosined bar;
Far away, trombones bray,
Sleek seals bellow and mad clowns play—
Cling, swing till the stanchions sway,
Star!

Now as the hoarse horns din,
Spin,
Swoop, while the bleachers gasp and chill!
Soar through space, matchless grace,
Muscles tensing and pulse a-race;
Clasp, grasp at the wrists that brace—
Grin . . .

Sweep in an arc to the top—
Drop,
Hurtle, plunge for the bar's slim round.
Fingers burn, guy-ropes churn—
Blow them kisses, each side in turn . . .
Air—there is the calm we yearn
Found!

—Harold Willard Gleason

•

ENDYMION IN INDIANA

[From a Corn-Belt newspaper]

The Keats Club met yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. A. Sears. Weiners and cider were served and a paper was read by Miss Beulah Alexander on the subject: "Old Fashioned Lards vs. Vegetable Substitutes."

"I say, Doctor—a word?"

"Yes?"

"Doc, I've been around a bit. Always craved the rare things in life, myself. . . There's a little place in upper Capri where the vini pours like melted satin . . . look for me in Paris on the Rue Saint Lazare—soft-shell lobster and strawberries late in March . . . George! I've trailed a wormy triptych half across the world. . . Beauty? Gad, sir, I glimpsed it once . . . walking on "the Ring," in Wien, she was, 'long about tea-time. . ."

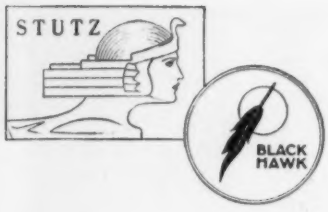
"Well?"

"Well, Doc, maybe you'll think it's funny of me, but—hang it all, I'd like just once to run my fingers through that marvelous carpet in the corridor outside!"

AND who could blame our esoteric friend? None, surely, who has seen the Mohawk fabrics spread wherever beauty, warmth and quiet was desired in this so famous hospital. Its name? Alas, *that* cannot be revealed. Modesty, you know. But here's a clue—it's named after a well-known Protestant denomination, and it's in New York!

MOHAWK RUGS & CARPETS

© 1929 MOHAWK CARPET MILLS, AMSTERDAM, NEW YORK



STUTZ FUGIT

"'Tis not time that flies, 'tis we" is twice true of he who drives a Stutz. For this exceptional car will deliver ninety-five honest miles per hour as long as you hold its throttle open.

Not that we advise driving at such speed. It is provided for those emergencies when only a tremendous surge of instant power can waft you beyond onrushing danger.

The Stutz alone is engineered to withstand the strains of faster driving. It has the strongest frame of any American car; the lowest center of weight. Giant brakes which decelerate 40% faster than the conventional type. Side-bumper solid steel running boards integral with its massive frame, shatterproof glass all around and four-speed transmission, the secret of continuous high speeds without motor strain.

No other car today can give you more than one of these six great necessities to performance-with-safety. *The car which is safest has the right to be fastest.* Let us prove it to you. For demonstration, 'phone Columbus 7070.

SAFETY STUTZ

$3395 to $10,800

AND

BLACKHAWK CARS

$2395 to $2735 Prices f. o. b. factory

Stutz New York Company, Inc.

Broadway at 62nd Street

Park Avenue (Ritz Tower) at 57th Street

LONDON LETTER

London, June 26

THE most characteristic entertainment London has staged for many years took place when Albany entertained its guests recently in honor of its hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary as the most distinguished building of flats in town. Of course, everybody knows Albany, if only as the inevitable haunt of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's innumerable and imperishable Freddies. It must never, never be preceded by the definite article. To call Albany "The Albany" is as great a solecism as to call New College, Oxford, "New." In England these things count.

The chairman and trustees who gave the garden party—there is no garden—were nicely discriminating in their invitations, so that Albany should entertain none but the sort of people Albany's roof would be happy to cover; and that it should carry on the tradition of Bulwer Lytton, Squire Bancroft, Gladstone, Byron, and Macaulay, all of whom lived there once. Bulwer Lytton wrote "Pelham" in the very room where Cosmo Hamilton now writes movies. The curtains at present are of a shade which Mrs. Hamilton calls Lipstick, yet immediately without the door hangs a hundred-year-old notice about "Hackney Carriages." Time moves on, but without Albany.

FROM now on we are all to be quiet as mice. London has always had the quietest streets of any large city in the world, with the possible exception of the stillness in Fifth Avenue when the red traffic lights show. No one who has known the ear-splitting Paris taxis, the interminable midnight conversations in the streets of Rome, the clanging of the Berlin trams, or the spasmodic racket of the "L," could possibly call London noisy. General Byng, the chief of police, proposes, however, to take the matter seriously in hand—unmuffled exhausts, indiscriminate klaxoning, trucks with ragged solid tires and banging, badly packed loads, are to be ruthlessly *verboten*. The regulations apply even to "maladjustment." The braying flivver hopping on three cylinders will no longer be a familiar street sound at night.

This is certainly a step in the general direction of civilization. It is laughable that we should be made nervous and kept awake by our own conveniences.

Comparatively silent or not, there is no doubt that this is the most uncomfortable period London has known. In the old days one's friends and one's amusements were just round the corner, to be walked to, or reached in a sedan chair, or, later, in a hansom. Now we must either be jolted thither in the banging bowels of the earth, in a palpitating bus, or in one of what Sinclair Lewis calls "London's unmotorized taxis." Everywhere sound. The chief of police has his work cut out.

THE visit of M. Chiappe, prefect of the Paris police, coincided with the new decree. M. Chiappe, as could only be expected from a citizen of a polite nation, has been much impressed with everything he saw. He is going to do the same thing in Paris, he says. We shall await the issue with more than passing interest. Last year ten Parisian *agents* arrived to study the bobbies' methods of holding traffic by the mere presentation of a dignified and impassive back. They came, they studied, and they returned to France. The story is that they are all dead now.

AT the New Burlington Galleries there has been a rather startling exhibition of pictures

by Federico Beltran-Massés, a Spaniard who lives in Paris and was a pupil of Sorolla. Chiefly, Beltran-Massés paints nudes of the most alarming and embarrassingly highly colored variety. They sprawl at every conceivable angle round the room, flooded with green light, with strange sensuous purples and flaming reds. The old ladies who make a point of keeping up-to-date about art of the Royal Academy order are slightly confused. One can scarcely blame them for their blushes.

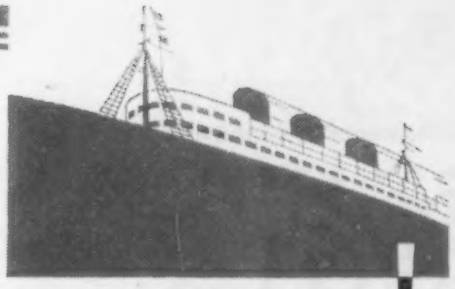
The exhibition was opened by the Spanish Ambassador, and for the ceremony a picture of Salome was removed. It was replaced, though, when the august presence had departed, and in consequence is the most popular painting in London. One wonders what kind of people hang these things over their dining-room mantelpieces. Yet all of them are sold.

THE spate of German war books continues unabated, the best-seller being "War," by Ludwig Renn. It is the story of a private caught as an unintelligent cog in a great machine, a simple story of poignantly unimportant detail not unlike "Sergeant Grischa." Indeed, it carries on the tradition of Zweig's book, so that we are in the midst of a German movement almost as intense as the Russian furore of a few years back. The "Chauve-Souris" and the flood of princesses have gone down before "All Quiet on the Western Front," "The Storm of Steel," "Sergeant Grischa," and the German movies. This is strange, because there was a certain pathetic gaiety about the Russians, but the best of these German efforts are so long and so portentously dull that one suspects even the most enthusiastic highbrows of not wading through more than half of them.

The extraordinary part is that the whole business has been quite consciously fostered by one publisher, Martin Secker, aided by Arnold Bennett's articles in the *Evening Standard*. Mr. Bennett's position as dictator of our taste in literature seems definitely established. Was he not the English discoverer of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"? It is still selling at the rate of a thousand a month, which is remarkable enough when one considers the British library system, and that our literary memory is undoubtedly shorter than yours. Here an average, successful novel is dead in three months.

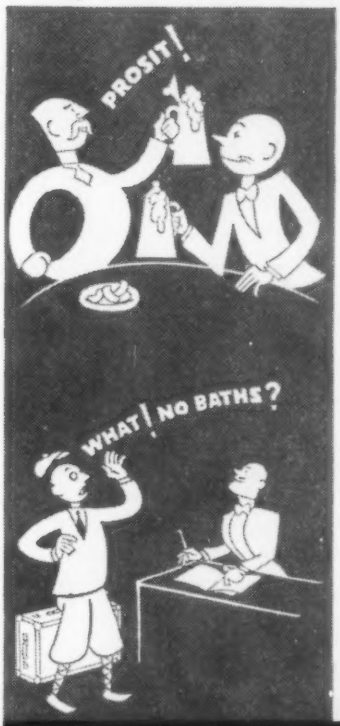
—A. G.

To those fortunate . . . . .
ADVERTISING MEN
. . . . . who plan to attend the I. A. A. Congress (and all others who travel).



NOW ...ALTOGETHER!

auf Nach BERLIN



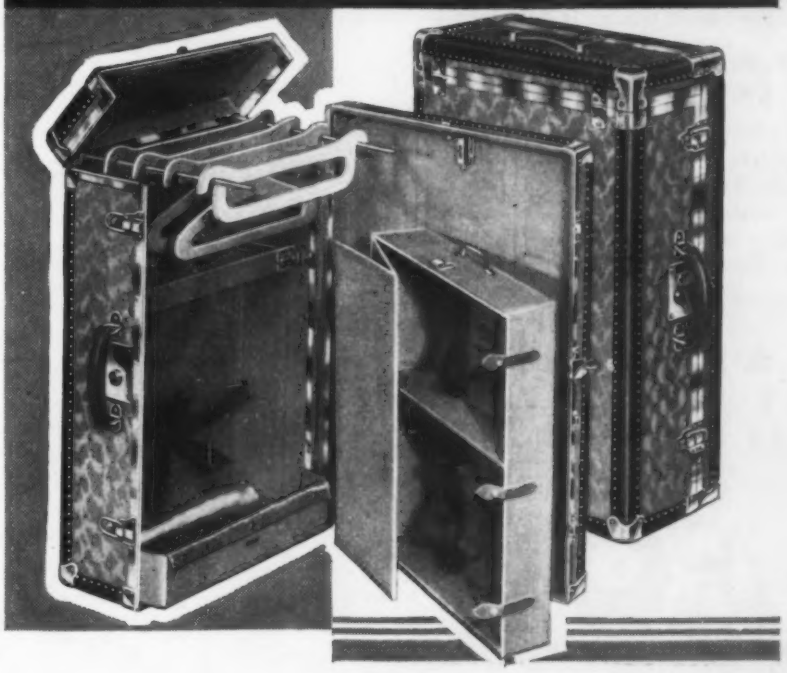
Encase your glad rags in the swanky Mendel Tourist "dust-proof" wardrobe suitcase and you'll ramble over Europe in comfort and style. Compact. Capacious. Accommodates four men's suits or twelve dresses. Has trays for toiletries, haberdashery. Easily carried. Light for 'plane travel. Won't crowd the luggage rack. Makes the ideal stateroom wardrobe. Rugged enough to withstand the most rigorous usage. Invest in this ultra-convenient suitcase, and you'll be glad to have it with you . . . always . . . wherever you go

. . . . at your luggage shop or department store.

The MENDEL-DRUCKER CO.
Cincinnati

Made in Canada by
The L. McBrine Co., Ltd., Kitchener

MENDEL TOURIST
"—the case for every travel need"



ANNOUNCING A NEW BEACH CLUB OF CONSIDERABLE IMPORTANCE

THE ATLANTIC BEACH CLUB is strictly a club.

And it is strict in its membership selection.

Its club house is a spacious and beautiful building of Spanish design.

It offers the finest food imaginable, in private dining rooms, if you wish. There are card rooms, bath houses, a swimming pool, and many other delightful attractions.

A WONDERFUL PRIVATE BEACH

A private beach of pure fine sand is at the disposal of members. You will find no better facilities for ocean bathing on the entire North Atlantic.

RUDY VALLEE AND HIS ORCHESTRA

As for dancing, it is quite enough to state that the world famous Rudy Vallée and his orchestra will supply the music nightly. This pleasure is reserved for members and their guests.

IMPORTANT!

This announcement will appear nowhere else but in the NEW YORKER. Not only will membership be restricted to highly desirable members, but the quota will not be exceeded! There will be no memberships accepted after the comfortably small quota is filled.

SEND FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION

Without obligation you will be completely informed on the details of the Atlantic Beach Club, including costs, facilities, location, etc. Send a card or a note to Box KEL, New Yorker, 25 West 45th Street.

Hear Rudy Vallée on WEAF Every Wednesday in July, Starting on the Tenth—5:30 to 6:00

ATLANTIC BEACH CLUB
ATLANTIC BEACH, L. I.

THE RACE TRACK

On Declaring to Win—Mr. Butler's Empire City —Some Two-Year-Olds, Present and Future

LAST week at Aqueduct two of Joe Widener's jumpers figured in that rather abused rule—the declaration to win. That the preferred horse had a jockey who has ridden few steeplechases, and in consequence was beaten off, and that the other could not raise a gallop, is irrelevant. It seems to me that declaration to win with a horse is an attempt to control the issue of a race. If one always could do so, there would be no betting, and racing would lose its chief attraction—its uncertainty.

A declaration to win protects stable, owner, and jockey from being penalized for not riding one of their entries for all it is worth. It is publicly announced that the animal is not expected to win; presumably another in the race cannot be beaten, or is ever so much superior. That at least is the theory. In certain circumstances the rule can mislead instead of help and guide; and if a man thinks one horse he owns could not under any circumstances beat another he has started in the same race, why run it?

NOW let us move on to Empire City, where the band plays "The Wearin' of the Green" every time James Butler wins a race; though I believe the Squireen of East View is the only Irishman in America who has no green in his stable colors. For the first time in ten years, the roads near the little track beside the aqueduct will not be under repair. Central Avenue is a splendid strip of concrete, but I would not advise speeding, for the law is upheld in Yonkers.

The Honourable George, who has been hiding on the roof of the Empire stand, behind two buckets which once held green paint, informs me that Questionnaire, a well-named colt by Sting out of Miss Puzzle, will be worth following in the stakes for two-year-olds.

SPEAKING of two-year-olds, which we were, Walter J. Salmon's Swinfield is the first winner Tom Healey has saddled on the New York tracks this season. He is a big, well-made, bay colt by Swinburne. Careful, his dam, whom he resembles not a little, raced with distinction in the Salmon silks some seasons back. He is as yet but a racehorse in the making, but by the time Saratoga is reached there is no knowing how good he may be. His début decidedly was more impressive than that of Harry Whitney's Dustemall. Louis Beard, who manages the racing stud in Kentucky, came out to see Dustemall run, and reports went around that the filly was the (whisper) best in the barn. Not wishing to entertain a female Boojum unawares, a short price was laid against her, but she raced greenly and was unplaced.

ALMOST everybody one meets early in the day at the track asks: "Have you the figures?" These "figures" are the selections of George Reed, a clocker whose reports of morning trials and selections have a considerable bearing on the opening prices. He picks two horses in each race, and invariably one of his choices finishes in the money —sometimes they run one, two. John Cavanaugh, master of the ring in the days when there was a ring (but now a sort of major-domo around the tracks) gives out the selections; and there is such a demand for them that three or four hundred little cards with the tips, or "figures," are handed to all who ask for them every afternoon.

When Reed had a particularly good run of luck recently it was suggested that the layers of odds might object. On the contrary, they heartily approved, saying it was the best advertisement they and the track could have—and nobody played selections anyhow.

ANOTHER of the sights before the races is the series of conferences between the clubhouse commissioners and their staff of clockers and handicappers. They are quite important affairs. Even the commissioners' cashiers may not interrupt to speak about the bad outs until the sessions are over.

AND do you know that Boojum has developed an artistic temperament. . . . That Al Jolson's silk sweaters and pastel-shade polo shirts are just "Ma-a-a-my." . . . And that several jockeys have new cars a block long?

—AUDAX MINOR

YES SIR! POLLY-WOG will go 8 miles an hour—and runs 15 minutes on a glass of water and sterno flame!

POLLY-WOG

is a speedy little rascal that holds a thrill for any boy of any age... as she put-puts across bay or lake... dashing through the spray at 8 miles an hour....

What fun for your boy at camp this summer—ship him a Polly-wog today! A realistic, fascinating, sturdy little boat that looks and acts like a big outboard... even to the noise ..."get your boy one for yourself."

Quantity production makes the low price possible, $25.00

Send 25 cents for illustrated catalogue

Boucher

415 MADISON AVENUE at 48th St.

Allen's Foot-Ease

In Shaker Top Tins

New Style — Family Size

MANY people have asked for ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in a shaker top container and to satisfy the demand it is now put up in both the old and new packages. The shaker contains three times the quantity in the old package, is more economical, more convenient. Shake it into your shoes for quick relief from hot, tired, perspiring, aching, smarting feet, corns, bunions and calluses, and walk, dance, play tennis or golf in comfort.

Sold everywhere

Allen's Foot-Ease

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY

A SCHOOL OF DISTINCTION

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK

Milton F. Davis

D.S.M., B.A.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL

SUPERINTENDENT

CONDITIONS AT THE POOL

YOU'LL have to pardon me this afternoon, fellow members of Orange County Afternoon Delphian, but I'm real indignant and I do hope I can communicate some of my vexation to you. Not that I want everybody to get all up in the air about this matter, but I think it's high time we did something about it.

As I suppose some of you have an inkling, it's about the community swimming pool. Now far be it from me to at any time be what you would call a prude. I have always stood up for liberality. In fact, as some of you well know, I wouldn't miss the *Nation* if you paid me. But things are going just a little bit too far at the community swimming pool and inasmuch as Afternoon Delphian was one of the leading sponsors of the swimming-pool movement, I think we have a perfect right to take a hand in what's going on down there.

It isn't anything I like to talk about, because it's bound to tread on somebody's toes, but I don't think the many should suffer for the sins of the few. I think that something must be done about this matter and done quickly or else I, for one, and several others in the Society are going to resign in protest against conditions.

I'LL tell you how we discovered it. Mrs. Foster and I drove around to the pool the other day, just to see how things were getting along. We have always been interested in projects like the swimming pool and unlike some people, we do not let our interest die out just as soon as the funds are collected and the project completed. I feel that our work has only begun when we have established some such enterprise. Of course this was the first chance I have had to go down there

KELVINATOR QUALITY

Now Only

$175

F. O. B. Factory

KELVINATOR has always been recognized as the quality automatic electric refrigerator.

Now everything that Kelvinator quality and reliability means, has been built into the new Kelvinator Four at $175, F. O. B. factory.

Today practically every home can afford electric refrigeration, by means of this newest

Kelvinator and Kelvinator's attractive ReDisCo monthly budget plan.

The day you have long waited for is here—the day when you could have Kelvinator advantages and superiorities in your home. No need to wait any longer. Order the new Kelvinator Four installed at once.

Five Conveniently Located Display Rooms

1 W. 47th Street

283 E. Kingsbridge Rd. Bronx

368 Livingston St. Brooklyn

162-27 Hillside Ave. Jamaica

33 Mamaroneck Ave. White Plains

KELVINATOR SALES CORPORATION

LET YOUR CONSCIENCE BE YOUR GUIDE

If your better nature tells you, "Really, old man, I don't think that necktie is all it should be," don't argue.

And if the rest of the ties in your drawer seem just as discouraging, wrap a muffler round your neck and go out and ask your haberdasher to show you his Cheney Cravats.

He has them in every color you would seriously wish to be associated with . . . and in weaves and patterns suitable for formal occasions as well as for business and sports wear.

CHENEY CRAVATS **MADE BY CHENEY BROTHERS**

and imagine how horrified and shocked I was when we saw what we saw.

Positively, this *was* the worst. Talk about Coney Island or Rockaway or some such place. Why, right here in our own community swimming pool, which was built through our efforts and the churches and Rotary and Board of Education, right there we saw as much immodesty as you would see on any public beach. Mrs. Foster and I counted seven grown girls, about eighteen years old, that had on bathing suits that came down to here in front and with no backs at all. And of course all around were children of an impressionable age playing and swimming and taking in this immodest display. Now I don't mind about these backless suits that are so fashionable this summer. If the girls want to get so brown that they look like colored people, and then have to be sorry next fall when they wear evening dress, that's up to them. That's their own lookout. But they don't have to flaunt their bodies where boys of high-school age will see them and get wrong ideas of womanhood in their heads. They find out about such things soon enough and in any case a community swimming pool is not the place for them to find out at *any* age. Naturally I recognized some of the girls and knew them by name, so I called two of them over to my car and politely suggested that they might at least pin up the front of their suits. One of the girls, the daughter of a prominent professional man—although I'm not saying what profession—told me, well, she as much as told me to go to "H."

The other one said, "This is nineteen-twenty-nine, Mrs. Uhlein, don't forget that."

I said to her, "No, I won't forget it, but if it were nineteen-*fifty*-nine I couldn't sanction such a display by girls of good families." Then they laughed and walked off.

IF I were one of these mothers that think only of their own children,

• •

I would go no farther. But it so happens that there are at least ten or fifteen members of the Society who have boys of impressionable high-school age and these boys are at the pool every day. I wonder how many of you mothers would continue to let your boys go there if you saw what Mrs. Foster and I saw. Really, I'm not exaggerating in the least. I'm trying to be as patient and conservative as I can. To say the least, conditions are frightful.

Every day that these conditions are permitted to continue, incalculable harm is being done to our young boys —and to the foolish girls themselves. Mrs. Foster and I came to the conclusion that the best thing to do—in fact the only thing to do—is to fire that young upstart Ned Finton, who is not only paid for being life guard but is also expected to keep up the moral fibre of the pool. He can't say that he didn't know about it, because the day Mrs. Foster and I were there he was teaching one of the girls with immodest bathing suits to dive. I rather think he enjoys it.

So it's up to Afternoon Delphian to make the first move. We can draw up a resolution asking the Civic Betterment Committee to force young Finton to resign and appoint somebody with sense—and a sense of decency. I think we ought to do this without further ado. —JOHN O'HARA

•

MENTAL RESERVATION ON ACCEPTING AN INVITATION

I may be anywhere by Saturday,
In Rome or Brest-Litovsk or Santa Fé.
I may be on a truffle hunt
In Périgord,
Or bagging grouse
Upon a Scottish moor,
Or vying at pelota
With a Basque,
Or helping a Carthusian
Seal his cask.
But should I be
Still rooted to this spot,
I'd just as soon
Break bread with you as not.
—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

•

The engagement is of wide interest not only here but in the south, where Miss Allen spent her girlhood. On the material side Miss Allen is a direct descendant of John Marshall of Virginia. —*The Times.*

One of the old Virginia materialists.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND

A few suites in this luxurious tower residence are kept available for short visits to New York. Each serviced by Sherry-trained domestics. Each with the proportions and atmosphere of the fine established home . . . and an address of many advantages.

FIFTH AVENUE *at* FIFTY-NINTH STREET

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

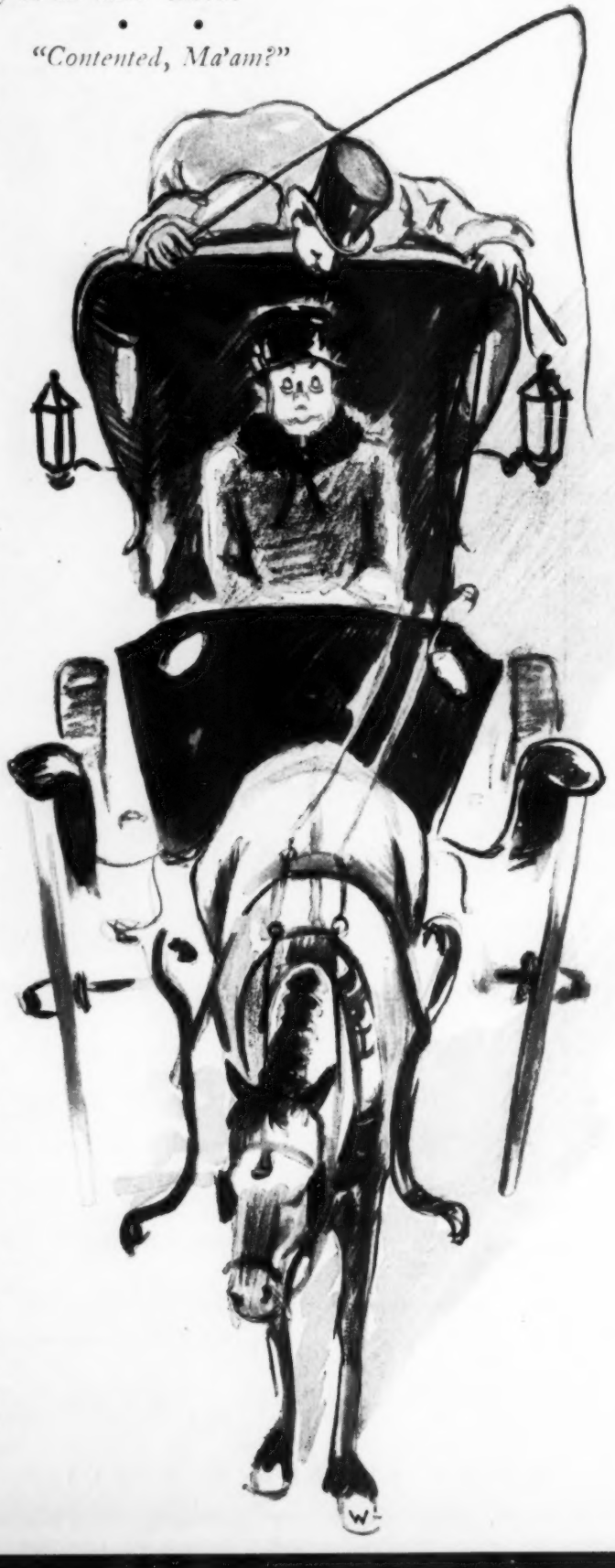
THIS AND THAT

IN this, the sultry time of year, when all Nature stands poised and shops dream idly of the fortunes they are to make at their Southampton branches, there are still signs of activity in the more enterprising places in town.

One of the most energetic, as well as gifted, is Daisy Garson, at 14 East Fifty-fifth Street, who pours over your form the most divine lingerie imaginable, made with a high degree of seductiveness in mind. She is showing at present a new combination affair for those whose tennis dresses are sheer enough to require a whisper of a slip—short bloomers with a lacy ruffle cascading over them in such a way that the entire effect is of a lacy petticoat. This is made on a yoke or on an elastic, as you see fit; and scoffers should remember that there are still frocks so slimpsy that bloomers are quite necessary. Miss Garson continues to make, also, those enchanting slips with step-ins unobtrusively sewed on, so that one garment constitutes the foundation of your life. You must also look at a nightgown of plain ninon that, down toward the waistline, is faggoted in scallops to the printed ninon which completes the gown. The bed jacket that accompanies this is of the print, and anything more perfect in which to sit up and drink your morning coffee at the houseparty of your dreams is difficult to imagine. However, if you want to be even more feminine than that, in the most dangerous way, look at a Victorian dressing-gown of two layers and two shades of chiffon, edged all around with a double soft-pleated ruffle, and having elbow-length sleeves.

• •

"Contented, Ma'am?"



There is a divine new pajama here—of crêpe de Chine, with the trousers tied at the ankle and shirred into a flat piece going up the back of the calf. The effect in front is of long Russian pants; the sleeveless top is wound round and round the high waistline, surplice fashion, to flatter the figure. If it is bona-fide beach pajamas you are after, look at some of a rayon and cotton mixture in beige; the pants plain and widish, the jacket like a man's vest, the coat of any brilliant linen you happen to favor.

DOWN among the drugstores of the Roaring Forties, searchers after the new should experiment with a product called Camro—a humble and unprepossessing object to those who like fancy bottles and perfumed oils, but one that has proved its worth in the makeup of many movie actresses, both for the studio and the street. This is a liquid which you apply on the face with a sponge and then smooth until it is dry. At that point, you have an almost imperceptible finish on your skin which practically obviates the necessity for powder, does not melt, cake, or do unpleasant things on hot days, and is simple to apply. As I say, there is no nonsense about it. The bottle is plain, the prevailing odor is of witch hazel; the whole costs a dollar a bottle in a variety of shades. At the Pennsylvania drugstores, Gray's, Walgreen's, and so on.

WITH considerable fanfare, Nanine, 510 Madison Avenue, is moving her shop to the Newport Casino for the summer, just as though the children of the idle rich aren't pampered enough already. She is taking with her the grandest sun suits for tiny children—some made of cotton printed

THE SALLE MODERNE AND ITS SMART IMPLICATION

The Salle Moderne is a fitting background for our collection of summer sports clothes . . . Here is outdoor chic to a degree . . . that air of jaunty exclusiveness which has become the envied fashion hall-mark of two continents . . . In this room you will see women of the world who wear their sports clothes with a difference . . . who are equally at home at Aintree . . . at La Festa Club . . . at Pebble Beach . . . The same implicit adherence to good taste . . . the same accentuation of the highest fashion note is also visible throughout all the other departments . . . On the Fourth Floor . . . made-to-order department . . . French underwear . . . teagowns . . . pajamas . . . Ready-to-wear on the Third . . . Coats . . . Furs . . . Gowns for the mature woman on the Second . . . And on the Street Floor, hats . . . the new glove department . . . hosiery . . . bags and accessories and Prince Matchabelli's perfumes.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

FIFTH AVENUE at 58th
NEW YORK

Original . . . this watch tells time with one hand, which points out the minutes. The hours peek out, one at a time, from a window in the dial . . . $400. (The cigarette case, $340.)

Udall and Ballou

JEWELERS SINCE 1888

5th Ave. at 57th St.

PALM BEACH ✣ NEWPORT ✣ PARIS

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

The following blank is for the convenience of our subscribers who are absent from the city this summer. We will be pleased to observe any change of address order received and request only that we be notified at least three weeks in advance of the date with which it is to take effect.

THE NEW YORKER, 25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK.
You have been sending the magazine to—

Name .....

Address .....

Beginning with the issue of .....

☐ FOR.....WEEKS
☐ UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE
} PLEASE SEND THE MAGAZINE TO

New Address.....

.....

in gay modernist designs; others, for children even smaller, printed with tiny rabbits, stars, or other less obtrusive patterns. These are cut on the conventional sun-suit lines, and minute stitched hats with sectional crowns to match accompany them. There are lots of sleeveless Liberty dimity frocks for little girls, edged discreetly with lace and having small cloche hats, short in back, and long and demure in front, to match. There are rompers of fine dimity, the bottoms in creeper style with buttons across the back. Besides all these, there is everything charming and imaginative to take a child from infancy up to the age of twelve.

DESIGNED for sleeping, but suitable as well for informal beach wear or general romping about with your casual friends, are some new pajamas called Bobleighs, at Arnold Constable. These are of crêpe de Chine in every possible color—one model having a sleeveless tuck-in top with a roll collar, and shorts buttoned on each hip; the other with the blouse on male pajama-coat lines, the shorts to be worn beneath, with a sash that completes the jaunty effect. If you have weekend hosts who put you out on the porch to slumber, these would be ideal; and the price is a paltry $7.95.

STEWART, at 626 Fifth Avenue, has recently acquired a stock of bathing suits made of Rodier India print scarves in swell browns, reds, yellows, and oranges. Two models are made in the likeness of Greek tunics, with little pleated skirts that turn out to be shorts buttoned on the deep V-backed top; one has a tuck-in top of the print—giving the greatest possible exposure straps will allow—and pants of brown crêpe de Chine. The coat is edged with the brown, and the whole effect is all that it should be. You can also find tunic suits of printed linen in colors combined with white, cut all in one piece with the shorts attached beneath the skirt. If you desire the minimum of clinging, they sell additional tiny woollen shorts to wear beneath any of the suits.

The sweater department here is tempting the languid public with some new sweaters of lisle so fine it almost resembles voile. They are cut V-neck with sleeves, and have a close band around the hips so that they may be worn straight or bloused. In dandy pastel colors, girls, with tiny stripes around the neck and cuffs. —L. L.

POPULAR RECORDS

Crooners, New and Old —A Reaction Against the Musical Heat Wave

THE crooners are still with us, and most of the current vocal records run to confidential murmurs. One must except, of course, such performers as the gifted Bessie Brown, whose interpretation, for Brunswick, of the calorific "Blues Singer from Alabam'" and "Tain't Nobody's Fault But My Own" (an excellent torchlight sonata) is refined coon shouting. However, the whisperers continue to add new members, of whom one of the most interesting is Columbia's Charles Lawman, who makes his début with "When We Get Together in the Moonlight" and "Oh! Sweetheart, Where Are You Tonight?" The M. Lawman sings with more masculinity than some of his fellows and his diction is excellent.

Among the older songsters (in service, if not in years) is Franklyn Baur, who is as effective as any prattler and still uses a fine voice without muffling it. Try his Victoring of "When My Dreams Come True" and "Just Another Kiss." Another Victor tenor who has achieved a public is Morton Downey, represented this month by "This Is Heaven" and "There's the One for Me." Brunswick continues to turn out sweet somethings by Nick Lucas, who, oddly enough, sings the same combination of airs that Mr. Baur has immortalized.

COLUMBIA has a double-faced record by the eminent firm of Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, which is recommended to those who have seen the trio in action. Arthur Schutt, a gifted pianist, has an unusual Okeh disc—a doubling of a Lisztian paraphrase on "Lover Come Back to Me" with his own "Piano Puzzle."

By the way, Larry Siry's Orchestra is now waxing, as you will see from the dance list appended. This month's dances are almost universally "sweet," but if you feel the need of more smoke, ask your dealer for "race" records. These are Aframerican productions.

FOR midsummer hoofing, examine the following:

PEACE OF MIND and FINDING THE LONG WAY HOME—Larry Siry and his Hotel

The "Little Red Box," 60c

This Smoother Rouge you cannot feel . . .

In two new shades for sun-tanned skins

SEA-TAN for the Brunette **SUN-BIRD for the Blonde**

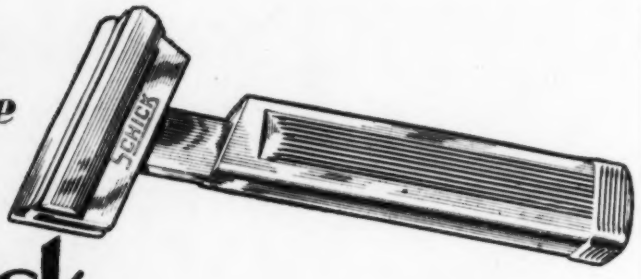
Anne Forrest, lovely star of many Broadway successes, with Louis Philippe, Parisian colorist and creator of Angelus Rouge Incarnat, as he studied her delicate coloring. Miss Forrest uses Rouge Incarnat because she never feels it. But the beauty of her lips shows it is there.

"Sun-Bird" is the soft contrasting tone that best enhances the rich
"Sun-Bird" est la teinte dont le doux contraste s'ajoute à la riche couleur crème que
creamy color blondes tan. "Sea-Tan," darker, stronger, blends
le hâle donne aux blondes. "Sea-Tan" plus foncé, plus vif, se fond délicieusement
entrancingly with the deeper bronze brunettes acquire. Wonder-
avec le teint bronzé que les brunes acquièrent. D'une finesse et d'une légèreté
fully smooth and textureless...you see the color in the added
merveilleuses. On en voit la couleur à la plus grande beauté de vos lèvres et de vos joues,
beauty of lips and cheeks but you cannot feel it on your lips.
mais vous ne pouvez le sentir sur les lèvres. Angelus Rouge Incarnat se fait dans
Angelus Rouge Incarnat comes in a wide variety of tints. Water-
une grande variété de nuances. L'eau n'a pas d'action sur elles et elles sont
proof and indelible. "Sea-Tan" and "Sun-Bird"
indélébiles. Le Raisin pour les Lèvres "Sea-Tan" et
in Lipsticks or "The Little Red Box" $1.00.
"Sun-Bird" ou "La Petite Boîte Rouge" $1.00.

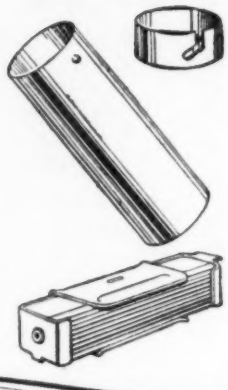
ANGELUS
Rouge Incarnat
LOUIS PHILIPPE NEW YORK PARIS

Lipstick $1.00

This is the Schick Repeating Razor



This is the round brass cartridge which holds the clip of 20 Schick blades when you buy it. It also makes a convenient container for used blades.



This is the clip of blades that slips into Schick's handle—a magazine that holds them all. The blades are protected. Their superkeen edges cannot be touched until they touch your face.

This is how it works—like an automatic or pump gun—Simple as ABC.

Try this modern razor and you will agree that, "It's marvelous—as far ahead of old style contraptions as the airplane is ahead of the 'one-hoss shay'." Get the 'feel' of it . . . the balance . . . then shave. Man, that will be a treat to your face!

Drug, hardware, jewelry, department and sporting goods stores all carry Schicks and Schick blades. Ask your dealer to let you take home a Schick and try it. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York. Canadian Distributors: T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., Saint John, New Brunswick.

A smooth shave quick, with a Schick!

RESTAURANT CRILLON

Luncheon at the Crillon is a tonic for the afternoon's work . . . dinner an apt prelude for any sort of evening

OPEN SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS

277 PARK AVE 116 EAST 48TH ST.

Ambassador Orchestra. Exceptionally mellifluous stuff, with a genuine dancing lilt. (*Columbia*)

THE THINGS THAT WERE MADE FOR LOVE and BLUE HAWAII—White's Serenaders. A fox trot and a waltz, respectively, both done in the latest ballroom manner. (*Okeh*)

I'M JUST A VAGABOND LOVER and I'M STILL CARING—Al Goodman and his Orchestra. Handsomely scored and brilliantly played versions of two of the most prevalent hits. (*Brunswick*)

THIS IS HEAVEN and SLEEPY VALLEY—Gus Arnheim and his Orchestra. A fox trot and waltz in the Arnheim idiom—which should be enough for those who know his records. (*Victor*)

I'M WALKING AROUND IN A DREAM and MAYBE—WHO KNOWS?—Ted Lewis and his Band. More joy for the Lewisites. However, the "Walkin'" runs largely to singing—which may or may not be glad tidings. (*Columbia*)

TEAR DROPS (Arnold Johnson and his Orchestra) and FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET (Harold Stern and his Orchestra). Two smooth melodies, played with emphasis on gentle solo passages. Fine summer dance business. (*Brunswick*)

MEAN TO ME and MY KINDA LOVE—Napoleon's Emperors. Want some heat? Get this! (*Victor*) —POP

•

TRAFFIC RECREATION

PRESENT-DAY traffic means but one thing for the automobile owner: a tedious wait every few minutes in front of a red light and a bored traffic cop. The policeman, after he has blown his whistle, is no doubt as ready for fun as you are, and would be glad to join in a few simple games that can easily be enjoyed during your traffic wait.

"Traffic Hide and Seek" is a delightfully simple game, employing but two players, the policeman and yourself. The policeman covers his eyes with his hands, and counts loudly to fifty, as you quickly look for a place to hide. There are innumerable nooks and corners in any car that we could suggest as hiding places: under the back seat, in the gasoline tank, or under the car itself are

• •

but a few. Your "Ready!" is a signal for the policeman to come and look for you. While he is making the search, you simply extricate yourself and run quickly to the nearest hydrant, or "goal," before he catches you. If this happens, it is the policeman's turn to hide, but nine chances out of ten the lights have already changed and you can ride on, the winner.

"Red-Light Ball" is a sport especially designed for those motorists who are keen on all types of ballgames. The traffic policeman distributes rubber balls to each driver. The latter takes his turn in throwing his ball at the target, the red light on the traffic tower. These lights can very easily be equipped by the city with clanging bells which ring when the red light is hit, giving the whole game a distinctly Coney Island touch. If the driver hits the red light three times consecutively, he is awarded a baby doll (donated by the city), and if he hits it six times consecutively, he wins the traffic tower.

Games in which the players are blindfolded are always hilariously funny, and *"Policeman Find the Car"* is certainly no exception. In this game, the policeman is first given a good look at your car's position in line, after which he is blindfolded, turned around three times, and set loose to find it only through his senses of touch and direction. It is always amusing to fool the officer by quietly backing your car down the street and escaping, although we cannot recommend this move in the game unless the driver does not expect to return the same way.

UNDOUBTEDLY these pastimes go a long way toward promoting good-fellowship between the driver and the traffic cop, a hitherto somewhat strained relationship. Through the constant association that these games require, the policeman will gradually cease to accept the driver as an object of suspicion, but instead will welcome him as a playfellow and friend, which ought to make lighter hearts for everybody. —FLOSSIE JANE BLUMBERG

•

NU OMEGA CHI HOLDS SUCCESSFUL AFFAIR

A girl was born to Mrs. Violet Mass, of 303 Boulevard, wife of Morris Mass, Bayonne Hospital chemist, last Thursday at the Bayonne Hospital. The new arrival is their second child.—*Bayonne (N. J.) News.*

Pretty successful at that.

ONLY HORMEL FOODS ARE "FLAVOR-SEALED"

Salvaging Life's Lost Moments

If Sunday morning has become a Family Problem . . . you prefer Shut-Eye to your mate's Sabbath golf, but you know he'll bring back a savage appetite . . . you can have your extra 40 winks if your pantry shelf carries

Hormel Flavor-Sealed Whole Chicken

For this delicious creation can be prepared your favorite way—be roasted, fried or broiled—quickly, without fuss or bother.

It comes to you cooked, ready to serve cold. By the exclusive Hormel Flavor-Sealed process, a tender, whole, milk-fed chicken is sealed in the sterilized container and cooked under vacuum. Thus, all the savory juices lost by ordinary cooking methods are retained. None of the goodness can escape.

Every Flavor-Sealed Chicken is U. S. INSPECTED and CERTIFIED.

Keep a Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken among your emergency food items. Serve it as your proudest offering on all occasions. You will like its delicate, appetizing flavor, and find it economical, too.

The weight is plainly marked on the label. At leading stores, or write naming dealer.

GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.
Austin, Minn.

Flavor Sealed

HORMEL
MILK-FED
WHOLE CHICKEN

U.S. Inspected and certified

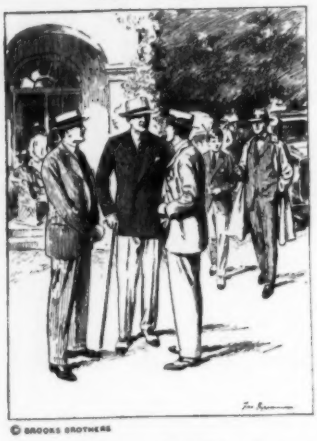
ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers

CLOTHING

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK



© BROOKS BROTHERS

Clothes for Midsummer

Send for our NEW *Illustrated*
GENERAL CATALOGUE

BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

THE MAINE VACATION

Go down to Maine this summer. Live the life of the great out doors in a Maine Camp, but with the modern conveniences so necessary to city dwellers. Fish, canoe, hike or rest in the pine woods. The Sportsmens Service Bureau arranges reservations and transportation. Tell us how many will be in your party and when you want to go.

If you wish to motor or fly, we can supply air and road maps and suggest routes. If you plan to hunt, fish or go camping—the Bureau can help you—Brochure describes our activities.

A Few Suggestions: Bald Mountain Camps, Camp Caribou, Crocker Lake Camps, Big Jim Pond Camps, McNally's Sporting Camps, Lewin's Camps, West Outlet Camps *also* Reynold's Camps, Varney's Log Camps, *in New Hampshire*, Crombie's Camps, Shaw's Camps, *just over the border in New Brunswick.*

FREDERICK J. BURGHARD INC.
545 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

THE TENNIS OU

Young Men at M[illegible]-Doeg

WITH the exception of the Men's championship there is no tournament so completely national as the Intercollegiate. It is not only the third oldest fixture on the tennis calendar, having been started in 1883, but it is also one of the best-supported. It brings together the ablest undergraduate players from every section of the country.

The forty-fourth tournament, held last week at the Merion Cricket Club, with a hundred and seven entries from forty-five colleges, including Oxford and Cambridge, was a far cry from the first, which was held on the grounds of an asylum at Hartford, and with only a handful of players. Trinity College sponsored it; the teams represented Harvard, Yale, Brown, and one other college, either Amherst or Wesleyan, I believe. In those days Harvard had all the best players. Yale, which was just beginning to take up the game, and for courts was dependent upon the athletic field at Hamilton Park, was represented by Joseph Sargeant in the singles, and Walter Camp and Henry Slocum in the doubles. Camp had been forced to give up football the year before, owing to an injury, and Slocum, who was to win the Men's championship five years later, was just beginning his career. Joseph Clark, of Harvard, who had played with the Renshaws in England, won both the doubles, with Howard A. Taylor, and the singles title.

IN the forty-six years since that tournament, Harvard gathered the greatest share of the spoils, and in many years of play against Yale remained as preëminent on the tennis courts as Yale was on the football field. Now, however, thirteen years have passed since a player from Harvard has carried off the singles title, and seven years since a Yale man has won it. Nor have Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, and Pennsylvania filled the breach. Intercollegiate play at present is dominated by an entirely different group. From 1923 on the winners have been the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy, Washington, California (twice), Texas, and Lehigh. In last week's tournament not one of the larger colleges of the East placed a

TENNIS COURTS

Doeg's Ground Strokes

representative in the list of eight seeded favorites. Lehigh had Julius Seligson; Stanford, John Doeg; and Texas, Berkeley Bell. Georgetown sent Gregory Mangin and Emmett Pare; Harris Coggeshall represented Grinnell College. Ben Gorchakoff came from Occidental College; Bradshaw Harrison, from Oregon University.

Donald Strachan of Princeton was the only player from a great eastern university who was given the slightest consideration as a possible winner, and he was the only representative of one still competing at the end of the second day. He was put out in the fifth round.

THE poor showing made by the former championship universities was not, however, necessarily disgraceful. John Doeg, who ranks eighth nationally, was eliminated in his second match—which gives some indication of the type of tennis played.

To see him go down before Eddie Jacobs must have been a shock to Doeg's friends. Following so closely his defeat by the same opponent at Wilmington the week before, it suggests that he is not likely to cut much of a figure in any important tournaments this year. Someone in California should take Doeg in hand, make him forget about his service, and order him to work exclusively on his ground strokes. Until he has a forehand drive he will not get much farther.

NO better setting could have been found for the Intercollegiates. Merion, with ample dormitory space, supplied in part by Haverford College, and with its twenty-six grass courts, obviously has perfect facilities for handling the large fields that compete. Richard Norris Williams took charge of reconditioning the courts a year ago. As a result, they have been so carefully tended that they now rank among the best in the country.—A. D.

•

GWENDOLINE.—You said you enjoyed "Jew Suss." Read "Lady Warren Hastings" in May *Britannia & Eve*, same author.—PAUL

LIVER and kidneys can play the dickens with you! Don't let them. Just take a glass daily of BOLS VERY OLD GENEVA (in the Stone Bottle).—*Personals in the London Daily Mail.*

But keep reading, too.

Miss SARA V. Thomson of Anderson, S.C.

SECOND PRIZE WINNER
April, 1929
Marlboro Contest for Distinguished Handwriting

Miss Thomson Writes:

Marlboro — 4 Cigarettes for Those Who Can Afford 20¢ for the Best.

Every Marlboro full, firm and round

Mild as May

MARLBORO

Created by PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC. NEW YORK

24 Footer $3150
26 Footer $4475
29 Footer $5150
30 Footer $5750

HACKERCRAFT *Quality*

Surmounts all Barriers of Price Appeal

JOHN HACKER, N. A., creator and builder of more fast racing hulls than any other designer, offers the Hackercraft series of genuine mahogany runabouts to the yachting public as his supreme achievement. More elegantly fitted and finished, smarter in appearance, smoother riding, more comfortable, the thoroughbred qualities of Hackercraft rise above the price standards of ordinary motor boats. Significantly, Hackercraft have won every major runabout event in America during 1929. . . . Now hold the International Runabout Championship of Europe. The Hackercraft catalog fully describes these quality boats. Write for it today.

HACKER BOAT COMPANY

545 River Drive Mt. Clemens, Mich.

AMERICA'S FASTEST RUNABOUTS

The six apartment buildings to be completed during the summer of 1929 are, from the first line on the plan to the doorman under the canopy, *Tishman products.* And *Tishman Service* continues long after the plaster is dry.

◆

Occupancy Early Summer 1929

33 EAST 70th STREET
8-10-13 Rooms

30 EAST 71st STREET
9 and 12 Rooms

14 EAST 75th STREET
Studio Living Rooms
3 to 8 Rooms

130 EAST 75th STREET
6 and 7 Rooms

175 EAST 79th STREET
3 and 6 Rooms

325 EAST 57th STREET
3 to 6 Rooms

345 EAST 57th STREET
3 to 6 Rooms

◆

For Immediate Occupancy

911 PARK AVENUE
12 Rooms

941 PARK AVENUE
Duplex Apartments
12 and 13 Rooms

410 EAST 57th STREET
6 and 7 Rooms

Write for brochure of Apartments from 3 to 13 rooms

TISHMAN REALTY & CONSTRUCTION CO. INC.
285 MADISON AVENUE
Owners and Builders Since 1898

THE OARSMEN

Sunk With All Hands
—Cox vs. Referee—
Columbia Keeps Going

THOUGH the click of the oarlocks is a dim memory by now, the controversy roused by the wild Poughkeepsie regatta lingers on. There was an immediate storm of criticism after the regatta's combined deep-sea boating, swimming, and rowing came to an end; but it is hard to see how any individual can be singled out for responsibility. Mr. Julian Curtiss, who has been the referee twenty-five years or so, was blamed for the debacle in the varsity race; Cornell and M. I. T. were wholeheartedly criticized for arriving at the starting line late; the board of stewards was denounced bodily. The situation, however, was the product of a number of circumstances. The referee did well, handicapped as he is by the rules; and reaching the starting line from Cornell's boathouse is not easy. The building is almost at the end of the course.

IT does seem clear, though, that something will have to be done if such tremendous fields are to be handled in the future. All regattas have been run, and properly so, on the theory that the oarsmen should be given every consideration. They have worked all year for these twenty minutes of excitement, and it would be unjust to consider the pleasure of spectators above that of the men in the boats. It would also, however, be reasonable to bear in mind the youth of the men rowing, and make some allowance for it. While most of the delay was caused by late arrivals at the line, a great deal should justly be attributed to the coxswains, who signalled they were not prepared upon the slightest provocation. So long as a cox has the right to hold up a race in this fashion, there are going to be serious delays in every regatta with heavy entries. At least two of the false starts were not necessary. When the varsity race finally got under way, the hands of the Navy and Pennsylvania coxes were still asking for a delay. If the referee hadn't ignored them, we might all be sitting on the banks of the Hudson now.

With a man as experienced and able

the party factory in southampton!

▼

. . . . . until the middle of august, the PARTY FACTORY will be represented at saks-fifth avenue, southampton.

. . . this branch will specialize in outdoor parties, large and small, around southampton, while in new york, the party factory will continue to put on parties in other directions.

▼

the party factory
saks-fifth avenue
southampton
new york

H. HICKS & SON INC.
675 FIFTH AVENUE AT 53RD STREET
NEW YORK

The Fruit Shop

ESTABLISHED 1863 TELEPHONE PLAZA 5453

CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS

At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.

as Mr. Curtiss in charge, it should be feasible at least to limit the number of times the coxswains can hold up a race, and then leave the rest to his judgment. It is hard to imagine Mars Cassidy, the race-track starter, asking the jockeys if they are ready and waiting patiently for all of them to say "Yes."

THERE was nothing notable about the rowing in the regatta, so far as the varsities were concerned, except the brilliant oarsmanship of Columbia. Five crews go through the outer span of the railroad bridge over the course; four take the inner span. Of the five outside eights only one, Columbia, lasted until the end.

The intelligence with which Columbia rowed was not the least appealing quality of their victory. All through the first stages of the race they devoted themselves simply to licking a river that was trying hard to swamp them. Inshore, in the protected lanes, Washington and Navy were getting slowly away from them. Columbia knew that, but there was no sign of panic. They stuck to their job of staying afloat, and not too far behind, until the last stages were reached. When they were in the final mile and a quarter they turned their attention to the other crews—and thoroughly, too. After the finish they were still able to row as far back as the Cornell boathouse without dumping their shell. Navy and the other survivors just managed to reach the shore.

It was so convincing an exhibition of oarsmanship that one could find no disposition anywhere to say they might have been defeated had the river been calm. California, even on smooth water, would not have been very close to Columbia. The crew that won at Amsterdam in 1928 had fallen off in form pretty far, farther than anyone realized.

AT POUGHKEEPSIE: Most of the Yale and Harvard oarsmen watching from the observation train. . . . Messrs. Robert Herrick and James Sheffield on the referee's boat. . . . Charles Francis Adams, in a resplendent gig, making a formal call at the Navy quarters before the start. . . . Tom Eddy completing the sign on the Navy boathouse. . . . Photographers loudly pleading that the crews get started before it became too dark. . . . California's half-sunk shell still in the water, guarded by its launch, as the crowds turned homeward. —R. F. K.

Do you SMOKE LIKE A TROOPER?

• • • YOU'LL ENJOY SPUD'S GREAT SUMMER COOLNESS!

From a hard-smoking trooper out in Hawaii comes hard-boiled praise of Spud...of the cooler, full tobacco enjoyment Spud gives. Gruelling manoeuvers under a pitiless sun... dust kicked up by the whirling caisson...shouting throats parched and dry. Then a rest, and the cooling, refreshing draughts on a Spud to stop all the discomfort. What a dramatic way to prove Spud the great summer cigarette! Spud for dust-swept city pavements . . . for hot stuffy offices . . . soothing, cooling tobacco freshness after strenuous sticky exercises. Spud's cooling effect, proved 16% cooler, heightens the enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor. It has established Spud as the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST" . . . a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you . . sent gladly on request.

JUDGE SPUD...Not by first puff ...but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES

"after the ball is over

you'll realize what you've missed" said the clever cinema customer, "so pick only the good ones, keep your eyes on

the rialto

where an audible "alibi" is presented to prove that united artists, chester morris and others were certainly there when this deed was done

the rivoli—united artists

shows george bancroft burning up, all for love and a fickle frail in paramount's "thunderbolt" . . . hurled from hollympus for public pleasure

the criterion

adorns itself with "four feathers" — paramount plumage well plucked from a lovely long tale . . . in which the animals go in two by two

the paramount

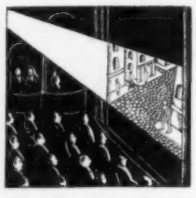
houses "charming sinners" . . . clive brook, ruth chatterton, bill powell, mary nolan, four fine phenaglers, fooling around . . . jesse crawford masters the organ and paul ash the ceremonies

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hot-Weather Diet



THE little movie houses, with their usual temerity, dare to remain open during the summer months, and they are even above offering anything which might be considered to have a light and cooling appeal. At the Little Carnegie, for instance, there has been a solemn German film, "Luther," dealing with the life of the reformer. Certainly there was nothing summery and breezy about the career of Martin Luther, and the picture is duly portentous and dreary. It is a silent one, of course, though the orchestra accompanies it with "Ein' Feste Burg," which becomes a kind of theme song.

OUR idea of a light and cooling movie menu would be a whole program of short pieces, so that one could get out for a drink of water or lie under an electric fan every few minutes. Looking back, however, over the sketches offered as apéritifs before the long feature pictures of the past season, we doubt if there are enough bearable ones even for a picnic supper. Of the hundreds of them there stand perhaps half a dozen which are palatable, including the two Benchley sketches, the James Gleason sketch, and that rather amusing "Gay Nineties" picture, with its stunts from the Morley Hoboken show. Possibly there are one or two others.

The topical reels offer more talent, though we must regret Mr. Coolidge's retirement from the screen and the loss of his excellent costume pieces. The King of Spain contributed a good presentation when he recommended the roads of his domain to American tourists. The King of England, though he does not attempt any stage effects, speaks very well in the talkies, partly because of the British accent, which seems more agreeable for this purpose than the average American businessman's. One of the best English performers, by the way, is Sir Conan Doyle, whose brief discussion of his writings is urbane and natural, and even more successful than the similar three-minute interview with Bernard Shaw. —J. C. M.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE GLOBE THEATRE BROADWAY and 46th ST WHERE
CARL LAEMMLE'S *Dramatic Thriller*
The ONE *and* ONLY
BROADWAY
is being shown
TWICE DAILY 2.50-8.50
HEAR..."SING A LITTLE LOVE SONG" "HITTING THE CEILING", "BROADWAY" AND THE OTHER TUNEFUL MELODIES
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Try this on your hisser—
AFTER DARK
or Neither Maid, Wife nor Widow
200,000 professional and amateur sibilators have exercised their talents at Morley and Throckmorton's
OLD RIALTO—HOBOKEN
Every Eve., incl. SUN. Mats. Wed., Sat.
20 Minutes from Times Square
Phone Reservations—HOBOKEN 8088

PLAYHOUSE West 48th St. Eves. 8:50 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30
STREET SCENE

JOHN GOLDEN *presents* Francine Larrimore in "Let us be gay"
by Rachel Crothers
LITTLE, Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"You're the Cream in My Coffee"
The Musical Comedy Knockout
HOLD EVERYTHING!
Victor Moore, Oua Munson, Bert Lahr, Jack Whiting
BROADHURST West 44 Street Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, 124 W. 43rd St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
GILBERT MILLER (by arrangement with MAURICE BROWNE) presents
Journey's End
BY R. C. SHERRIFF

Personal Direction L. ROTHAFEL (ROXY)
ROXY
WORLD'S GREATEST THEATRE
People of Discriminating Taste Enjoy Roxy Entertainment where the best of Talking Pictures and Stage Presentations are offered including
32 ROXYETTES
ROXY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
BALLET CORPS—CHORUS and SOLOISTS

Ice Cooled HUDSON W. 44th St. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Thur. & Sat., 2:30
CONNIE'S HOT CHOCOLATES
NEW SONG and DANCE HIT
with BABY COX, EDITH WILSON, "JAZZLIPS" RICHARDSON

LEXINGTON
NEWS
July 6, 7, 8: Richard Dix in the all-talking picture, "Nothing But the Truth"; July 9, 10: Colleen Moore in "Why Be Good"; July 11, 12: All-talking, "Man I Love" with Richard Arlen; July 13 to 15: Wm. Haines in "A Man's Man."
51 ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

FELTMANS
CONEY ISLAND
THE SPOT TO DANCE AND DINE

THE NEWEST MUSICAL COMEDY SMASH
FOLLOW THRU
"The most cheerful of season's musicshows."—Her.-Trib.
CHANIN 46th ST. THEATRE
Eves. 8:30 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
SCHWAB & MANDEL'S 2 GENUINE SUCCESSES
SEASON'S UNDISPUTED MASTERPIECE
NEW MOON The Musical Play Supreme
Brilliant Cast of 150
IMPERIAL Theatre, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:30 sharp Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

A THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION
THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE
by FRANTISEK LANGER
GUILD Thea., W. 52d. Evs. 8:50 Mats. Thur. & Sat. 2:40

EARL CARROLL Thea. 50th St. & 7th Av
MATS THURS. and SAT.
EARL CARROLL'S "SKETCH BOOK"
featuring WILL MAHONEY, WILLIAM DEMAREST, THREE SAILORS, 56 PRIZE BEAUTIES
New Revue of Laughs and Beauties by EDDIE CANTOR

"If you've followed your season closely you'll get great fun from this edition."—Charles Brackett.
★ Grand Street Follies ★
with ALBERT CARROLL, DOROTHY SANDS and PAULA TRUEMAN
BOOTH Thea., West 45th St. Evgs. 8:30 Matinees WED. & SAT., 2:30

NEW AMSTERDAM Thea., On 42nd St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
"The House Beautiful." Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mgr. Directors
EDDIE CANTOR IN "WHOOPEE"
458 SEATS AT $1.00

ZIEGFELD Theatre 54 St. at 6 Ave.
Cooled by Frigid Air—Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
SHOW GIRL
with RUBY KEELER JOLSON, CLAYTON, JACKSON, DURANTE. All Star Cast.
200 Glorified Girls.

POLO

Indomitable Britain —Rumson Blows the First Whistle

THERE can be nothing but admiration for the courage of the British. While no formal challenge has been issued, Viscount Cowdray has asked what time of the year we would prefer an International—which is equivalent to a challenge. It is practically certain that in 1930 we will once more experience all the customary mild hysteria of the preparations for International matches.

Since the close of the Argentine series, which we were very fortunate in winning, there has been a feeling in this country that we will never lose an International match, at least during the lifetime of the present generation. Apparently most people have forgotten the last formal game between Britons and Americans—the second in the 1927 series at Meadow Brook. After the first period (in which we made three goals, once on a free hit) the scoring kept exactly even. It was one of the hardest-fought games recorded.

THE method used by the British in choosing their teams has always been rather puzzling to outsiders. Now and then some group organizes a team, obtains recognition from Hurlingham, and then comes over to play us for the Westchester Cup. Never, so far as can be learned, has any truly representative team been brought together. This is partly accounted for by the fact that some of the best players live in the British colonies. Many of them are army officers, and it is notoriously difficult for them to find time to play International polo. One must admit the force of these obstacles, but there has been no evidence that the British have ever searched as carefully for the best material as this country periodically does.

The situation might be different if Winston Guest had decided about three years ago to cast his lot with his father's rather than with his mother's country. A great deal of the confidence in American supremacy rests on his somewhat British shoulders. With Guest playing for England, there would be every reason to expect the hardest kind of chal-

THE SAVOY PLAZA
Fifth Avenue, New York
58th to 59th Streets
Henry A. Rost, *President*
Large and Small Suites Now Leasing for Immediate Occupancy
Two to Four Room Suites in the Addition, Furnished or Unfurnished—Attractive Rentals
Same Management as The Plaza

AIR COOLED TO 70°
VILLA VALLÉE
"10 EAST" 60TH STREET
RUDY VALLÉE
AND HIS CONNECTICUT YANKEES
SUPPER AND DANCING
DINNER DE LUXE TWO FIFTY
NO COVER CHARGE
SUNDAY DINNER COVER CHARGE DISCONTINUED FOR SUMMER
RESERVATION PHONE "JEAN" REGENT 0351

WHOOPEE!
ON LONG ISLAND!
TEXAS GUINAN
"THE JOAN of ARC of BROADWAY"
No Cover Charges at Dinner
AND HER GIRLIE GANG!
AT THE
SHOW PLACE
(on the Merrick Road)
VALLEY STREAM, L. I.
TWO SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 P.M. and 12 P.M.
Better Than a Trip to Paris
RESERVATIONS—Tel. 4866 Valley Stream
Ask for Karl

NEVER a complexion thought! Women know that Glyco Thymoline Soap may be depended upon to keep their skins fair and smooth. This new soap adds a note of luxury to the toilet, cleanses thoroughly and quickly and leaves the skin soft and velvety smooth.

25 cents

GLYCO
THYMOLINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOILET
SOAP

lenging team; and instead of finding, as we do, the two leading players on the same side, we would have them opposing each other. Moreover, Guest, who has an infectious enthusiasm for the sport, can be depended upon to stir up matters wherever he goes. As an English player, he might have been the means of a complete and successful revival of British polo.

IN the meantime the play here goes along quietly but not dully. There have already been some fine early-season games; and on July 17 the first of the National championships will be held, when the Junior is started at Rumson. The Army, which lost this title in 1928, is making a determined effort to win it back, and will enter a strong team.

Rumson is an excellent place for the Junior, usually played at the hottest period of the summer. The main field, in front of the clubhouse, runs along the banks of the Shrewsbury, and there is always a background of sails against the top of the far grandstand. The field has served to introduce to the East two of the most interesting of recent arrivals in American polo. It was there that the Argentines opened play on their first visit, and in 1924 the Midwick, with the capture of the Junior, served notice there that California also has polo players. —MARTINGALE

•

GO CLIMB A TREE DEPARTMENT

[From the Evening Post]

Mr. Booth of the East Seventies, a most excellent address, opened the afternoon session. He carried a copy of last week's New Yorker to the stand with him and rolled it in his hands as he testified, but he didn't have anything of great importance to say.

CAMDEN SHOPS INC.
872 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK

Attractive gifts for the Summer bride

Ice Tea glasses
Ruby with crystal base
$12 a dozen

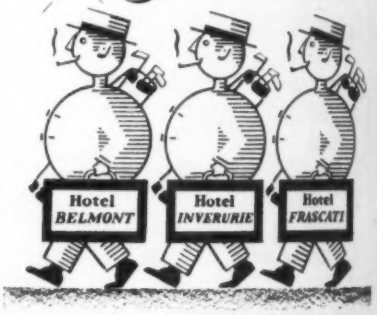
Liqueur glasses
Red with crystal base
$12 a dozen

Pewter tray $15

Pewter gravy boat $26

Vase
blue—green—amber
$ 3.50

3 WISE MEN



KNOW THEIR *BERMUDA!*
Be wise also. Send for booklets ABC.
BERMUDA HOTELS ASSOCIATED
230 Park Ave., N. Y. C. *Telephone Murray Hill 5789*
Or Any Authorized Tourist Agency

The NEW YORKER *is unique and so among resort hotels is*

THE WYANDOTTE
at BELLPORT, L. I.
Good living, golf and all summer sports. Complete rest and fine recreation. Write for particulars. GEORGE KREAMER, Mgr.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Permanently Removed
with electric needle, regardless of thickness of growth. No pain or scar.
Medical Science endorses my method.
NATALIE TOVIM, REGISTERED NURSE
Suite 611, Medical Arts Bldg., 57 West 57th St.
Telephone Wickersham 5750

THE SKY LINE

Manhattan Magic—Fashions in Drapes —Lexington Turns Picturesque—Q. E. D.

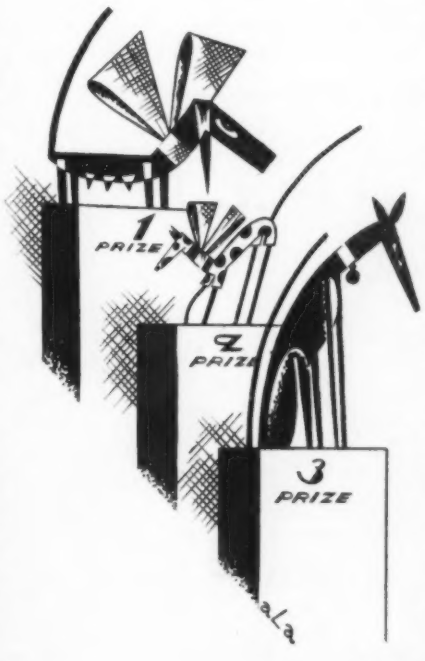
WITH the advent of the heated term, of which there have already been a number of samples, we have been impressed by the thermometer's influence on our city scene. As one drives homeward toward Westchester County at the end of a hot day, Central Park presents an amazing spectacle of democratic, al fresco relaxation. A huge population lies about in abandonment while the young and athletic compete in a series of ballgames that appear to be inextricably mixed, in the Sheep Meadow. Some enthusiasts, even more strenuous, crouch over the bars of their bicycles, using the motor traffic for pacing. The full strength of the civic navy is afloat on the lakes, admired by thousands of parents and their offspring, who throng the synthetic beaches.

Architecturally, the heat hazes turn Manhattan into a world of misty beauty. Towers only a short distance away disappear entirely, emerging gradually like the Cheshire Cat as we approach. For the benefit of motorists who drive down Park Avenue on a hazy morning, the huge New York Central Building does this most effectively. Invisible at Seventy-second Street, a faint sketch magically and impressively fills the end of the perspective from Fifty-ninth Street on.

AERIAL perspective and the fantastic effects of great distance and height are strikingly shown in the masses of the skyscraping Lincoln Building in Forty-second Street. The steelwork has reached the top, and the Stars and Stripes float proudly from the upper tier of beams. It has certainly gone far enough; the human mind can stand just so much. Tremendously effective is the great steel cage of the central mass, particularly as one walks east in Forty-second and sees it rise grandly above the adjacent buildings. It seems a pity to cover this up. How long, we wonder, will the sturdy steel bones of our buildings be draped in brick and stone, with their crushing weight, rather than in some more plastic, lighter, and, if possible, diaphanous material which will give a hint of the magnificent articulation within?

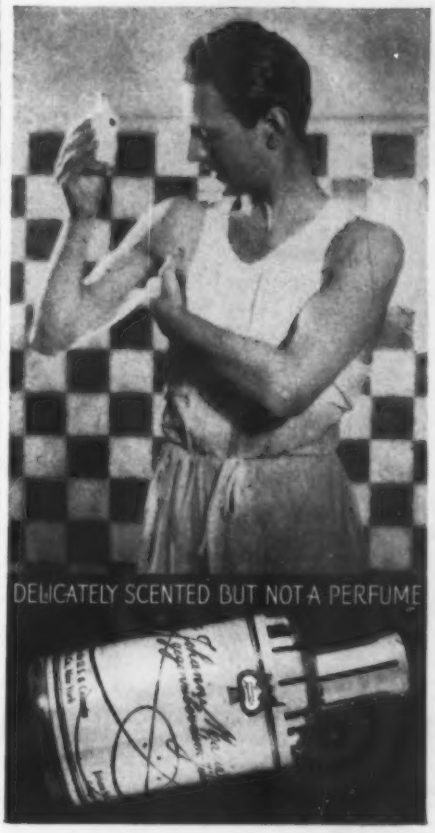
LEXINGTON AVENUE is humming with industry these days. The view northward from Forty-seventh Street is notably picturesque. To our mind, the Shelton still bears off the architectural palm, but a romantic addition is Schultze & Weaver's design for the new Lexington Hotel, at Forty-eighth Street, now nearing exterior completion. It is one of a chain of thirty hostelries controlled by the American Hotels System in as many cities.

The Lexington is particularly agreeable in color, the reddish brown of the brickwork harmonizing nicely with the stone trim. Throughout, in the transitions between materials and in the arrangement of the setbacks, copings, and upper masses of the building, the design is fanciful without being foolish. Some of the detail seems a little spotty and scattered, but time will probably pull this together. The texture of the brickwork is given interest by projecting "headers," as is the case on the Shelton. We have never known just what these are for; possibly they are put in as convenient toeholds for human flies.



SPEAKING of enigmas, we recently published a query from an anxious reader who wished to know why the loggia of the New York Athletic Club is on the Seventh Avenue rather than the Fifty-ninth Street side, where it would com-

Only two men know its SECRET



SO carefully has its secret formula been guarded, Farina's Red Crest Cologne has never been duplicated since 1709. Neither has its surety against perspiration odors, nor its invigorating stimulation.

For three centuries, Continental men and women of exacting personal standards have relied on this quick freshener to prevent the whisper of perspiration. Farina's is not only an unfailing protection but also a luxurious rub-down and valuable astringent. It most certainly should be on your bathroom shelf.

At all good toilette goods counters. But be sure to ask by full name for "Farina's Red Crest Cologne," because any product so old and so good is bound to be copied. Glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes. Sole Distributor for U. S. A., Geo. Borgfeldt & Co. 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

Now! A really luxurious Shaving Lotion

Soothes—smooths—heals the nicks. As fine as the cologne which forms its base. Ask at the better shops for *Farina's Red Crest Shaving Lotion*. Price $1.

FARINA'S
RED CREST
COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER
Look for the Red Crest

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you toss a lighted firecracker and

it lands in your mother-in-law's lap . . .

be nonchalant . . . Light a MURAD.

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York.

Please enter my subscription to THE NEW YORKER for—
☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$7.00
(POSTAGE: Canada, 50c; Foreign, $1.00 additional per year)

Name.....

Address.....

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect

mand a view of the Park. We appear to be becoming a correspondence column, for our query promptly drew a reply:

"I haven't been able to sleep nights trying to find the answer. I snooped, I inquired, I wrote to the Waterworks and to Mr. Whalen; here is the result—

"It seems that the Park side of the building is some ninety-five feet wide, the Seventh Avenue side, two hundred. The side loggia could have five bays—and thus accommodate many more people—while the Park side would admit but three.

"On the Park side of the building are the main dining-room and the lounge, two rooms which are used all the year round and which would thus enjoy the view for a longer period of usefulness. You wouldn't want to sip coffee on a loggia in bleak December, would you?

"On the sixteenth floor there is a perfectly good balcony for those who must commune in summer, and on the avenue there is more than a hint that the Jolson and other buildings are coming down.

"Oh, I learned all sorts of things—that architects [this scathingly] *always* have a good reason for the things they do; that nowadays an important consideration is how much a room will 'bring in,' so that it *must* be big in order to pay for itself," etc., etc.

An excellent explanation. We suspect the writer collaborated with York & Sawyer. —T-SQUARE

•

"LET'S TAKE A FERRY-RIDE AND COOL OFF"

THE decision to do something about the heat. Futile suggestions. The Bright Idea. The dizzy, angular battlements of the Tel & Tel Building, seen from the "L" on the way down. The sluggish, faintly salt breeze sweeping the Battery. The wait in the echoing vault of the ferry station. Gloom at the incredible number and variety of the pulp-paper magazines on the newsstand. The bump-crash-squeak of the boat hitting the slip (can't any of these ferry pilots steer?). Jangling chains and trilling bells. Throbbing engines, churned brown water. That nostalgic, affecting, mud-flat smell, soon superseded by the rich reek of the Bayonne oil refineries. Passing ships, outlined by riding lights in red and green. The harbor

stone-crushing barge, roaring and clanking, furnace-doors glowing redly —a little marine inferno. Row upon row of pallid, belated clerks, thrown into relief by occasional dapper St. George Englishmen. The couple who have been abroad getting their exercise by seeing how many times they can walk around the deck. Occasional whiffs of stale horse, gasoline, hot metal, patchouli. A little cooler, out here. A knot of louts with a tinny mandolin singing "Butta nup ya rovacoat, when na win' niz furee . . ." Two Italian priests with sweat-stained dog collars thumbing their breviaries in the winking light. An effulgent smear of yellow on the eastern horizon —Coney Island. Clump, clumpet, clump!—the athletic pair again. Wops, wops, wops, and wops. The dismal clank of the bellbuoy, suggestive of rockbound coasts and hungry reefs. "Say, Gawge, whaddaya call this town? Is this parta Joisey?" Tiny trains, tiny street cars departing screechingly in four directions—little, neat buildings. The lofty, glass-roofed waiting-room, strangely reminiscent of European railway termini. The heat again—everyone fanning, with magazines, postcards, timetables. On the way back—the air-beacon slashing the sky on the right. Moving triangles of lights. Broadway bisecting lower Manhattan like an artificial cañon. The "L" again. Children shrieking in the downtown streets. "Well, I guess that cooled us off a little."

—FREDERICK PACKARD

•

Dorothy Andrus, grand-daughter of John E. Andrus, wealthy capitalist of Yonkers, N. Y., could have a million today, her twenty-first birthday, if she went home to sign some papers. But she has been in a tennis tournament here. "Let the money wait," she explained. "I can git it any time."—*A.P. dispatch in an Omaha paper.*

Yeah, but can youse appreciate it?

The Manoir Richelieu will be open for Winter Sports from December 18th until February 28th

This is the *New* MANOIR RICHELIEU

At Murray Bay, Quebec, Canada

which opened JUNE FIFTEENTH.

Pine-laden Mountain Breezes, Sunlight and the Tang of the Sea

The New Manoir Richelieu has been designed primarily for the care and entertainment of comfort-loving people; and few hotels in the world offer as complete equipment or greater luxury of appointment. It is also a treasure house of early Canadian craftsmanship and historic pieces.

An open air swimming pool where artificially heated salt water flows continuously in and out; a ballroom with timbered roof and musicians' gallery in the chateau style (that occupies a building by itself); stables of thoroughbred saddle horses keen for a gallop; a magnificent eighteen hole golf course laid out upon the crest of the oldest mountains in the world—all these serve to make the Manoir Richelieu a vacation paradise. The fashionable setting of Murray Bay, and the charm and beauty of the surrounding countryside enhance its value as a resort which combines all the pleasures that summer can suggest.

* * *

MANOIR RICHELIEU RATES

American Plan

TO JULY 3rd AND AFTER SEPT. 1st

One person, $10 to $15 per day. Two persons, $20 to $26 per day

FROM JULY 4th TO SEPT. 1st

One person, $13 to $18 per day. Two persons, $24 to $32 per day

300 GUEST ROOMS

Rebates allowed according to length of stay. All are outside rooms with baths. Suites to four bed rooms with sitting room. Accommodation for maids, valets, chauffeurs. Garage and golf charges on application.

300 PRIVATE BATHS

Canada Steamship Lines also operates the Hotel Tadoussac, at Tadoussac, Quebec, four hours sail beyond Murray Bay. Gorgeous scenery and the best of trout fishing in a chain of private lakes are found here.

For handsomely illustrated booklet, full particulars, rates, etc., apply to J. O. EVANS, Manager of Hotels, MANOIR RICHELIEU, MURRAY BAY, P.Q.; *or* 715 VICTORIA SQ., MONTREAL, P.Q., CANADA; *or* J. C. RANDALL, 535 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

Agents in the Principal Cities of the United States and Canada, or your own Tourist Agent

MR16

Play the SILVER KING now only 85¢

[*And still the world's finest dollar ball*]

Nothing changed. Still the world's greatest distance ball. Still "The King O' Them All" wherever golf is played. Only its price is lower.

At 85 cents, it's better psychology than ever to play the best ball that money can buy!

The Silvertown Co., London

• • •

John Wanamaker
NEW YORK
Sole United States Distributors

RECENT BOOKS

British Artists and a French Pioneer—
The Yanks, They Are a Funny Race

EVEN at this distance from London (don't ask me to give the exact number of miles), it is perfectly plain that most of the characters of "Dark Duel" are touched-up photographs of actual figures in English artistic circles. They are too convincingly goofy, too persistently mad, to be inventions of the author. They are all as familiar as pictures in the Sunday rotogravure sections; you know the faces but you can't quite remember the names.

Marguerite Steen has built her novel on that trick of nature which sends normal and sensible children to erratic and unconventional families, throwbacks to some respectable ancestry. Lisa Huleatt is such a girl and is the natural prey of all the selfish geniuses and charming poseurs who surround her.

The dark duel is the rivalry between Lisa and her grandmother for a most offensive young playwright. Miss Steen's portrait of the grandmother-actress—the sort who played Mimi in "La Bohème" on her fiftieth birthday—has shrewdness and vitality; and her knowledge of the inner workings of an art-theatre company is appalling. Within the covers of her book are all the dear talented lunatics you ever have met at a studio tea.

The blurb on the jacket compares "Dark Duel" with "The Constant Nymph." This is a bit unfair. While "Dark Duel" has none of the delicate emotional insight of Margaret Kennedy's novel, it is a harder and more realistic study of the artistic temperament on the rampage.

JACKET blurbs are usually misleading. From the jacket of "A Man Scans His Past," you learn that the Goncourt Prize Committee proclaims the author, M. Constantin-Weyer, to be a French Jack London; which is as disturbing a thought as an Irish Ludwig Lewisohn or an Italian Ring Lardner. However, Constantin-Weyer lived in the Canadian Northwest and, as he doesn't write like Zane Grey, it had to be Jack London.

To those who know their great outdoors via he-man fiction and the movies, Constantin-Weyer's novel is upsetting. It is in the traditional spirit of the western novel and yet, although the author grows sentimental because the great open spaces are being overrun with grubby immigrants, he fails to strike any conventional gestures about it. Instead, he sees these frontier adventures and these wilderness love affairs with a cruel sort of realism, even when he himself is intimately involved. This western novel, told with Gallic aloofness, is a curious and interesting work. It is an adventure story told with an absence of melodrama; its simplicity and its freedom from the usual trappings of romance give it a quality of greatness.

The translation, by Slater Brown, is excellent. One wonders what a passage such as "And now, boss, look out for that cayuse. Holy Moses! Look out! I am going to scare hell out of her," looked like in the original French.

SPEAKING as one who has to pace the floor for hours before tackling a war book, this reviewer breaks down and admits to laughing like a silly over "War Bugs." It was written in Bingen, Germany, in 1918, by Charles MacArthur, whom you now know as a playwright. At that time, Mr. MacArthur was a private in the Rainbow Division and he acted as historian of the outfit by way of sneaking out of regular duties. By the time his superior of-

ficers and the army uplifters got through censoring his chronicle, there wasn't enough left to print. Here, however, what with time healing all wounds, is the original tale.

It verifies all your suspicions as to the conduct of our brave boys. If the book gets international circulation it will be some time before we're invited to another war. We haven't the manners. Take it from Mr. MacArthur, the A. E. F. were demons in battle but a pest to the civilian population. They were, perhaps, the only soldiers who got any fun out of the war; and for that they never will be forgiven.

Mr. MacArthur's book, with its rowdy slapstick humor and its boarding-school antics, is young, gay, and funny; it also explains why nothing is so terrifying to friends or foes as an army of born comics.

"TRACKING DOWN THE ENEMIES OF MAN" is germs and geography. Dr. Arthur Torrance hunted the tsetse fly in Africa, and studied lepers in Asia. Sometimes, when on his way to make a call, he shot a leopard, a lion, or a python as part of the day's work. The book is the record of a sportsman-physician, and it is good to read a travel story which isn't merely a record of a shooting expedition or a slumming tour. After all, Dr. Torrance was earning his big game and his "sundowners." The doctor also has some soothing things to say about leprosy which ease the mind of one who has always been afraid of being smitten with leprosy or wiped out by a volcanic eruption.

THE pollyannic tone of "Visitors to Hugo" is lifted from banality by Alice Grant Rosman's flair for writing dialogue that is light and amusing. It's a nice little book for patients in hospitals, dealing as it does with the horrors of being an invalid; or for ladies on verandas, who get tired of knitting; or for persons who can't be bothered by the Higher and Better Things.

—A. W. S.

•

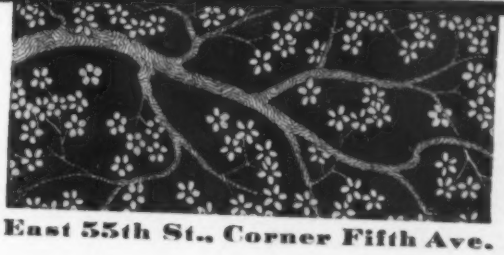
This story of a wife's pledge to a dying husband goes back to Lutzk, an old town in the government of Volhynia, Russia. There, nine years ago, Jacob Rathaizer was mortally shot in a pogrom. "Rebecca," he whispered to his wife, "take little Esther, 7; Rachael, 5; Georgie, 4; and Aaron, 2, and go to America where there is no religious bigotry."—*The Evening Graphic.*

And here they found peace, at 139 Essex Street.

HOTEL ST. REGIS

NEW YORK

Again, the nightly brilliance of the St. Regis Roof becomes the beacon of upper Fifth Avenue . . . again, smart New Yorkers gather for their own summer-night gaiety . . . to Lopez dance rhythms . . . under Urban's exotic fantasy. Again, the lovely 330-room Addition . . . with full call-button and floor-secretary service . . . puts its gracious seclusion in slip covers. The cool shades of the Seaglade carry on as a charming setting for quiet summer luncheons. Thus, summer in New York becomes summer at the St. Regis. Summer, fall, short and long term leases. By-the-day accommodations at rates hitherto unavailable.



East 55th St., Corner Fifth Ave.

dora gets wise . . .

Dora isn't very bright . . . she simply couldn't understand how everyone was wearing the most charming summer tan when there's hardly been enough sunlight to see by!

Compassionately, we told her of Tangee Tan, the new shade of Tangee Face Powder . . . which, with a pat of the puff, transforms you into the most outdoorish person who ever aquaplaned the Mediterranean!

For Tangee Tan is as natural as the sunbeams . . . and far more dependable! You may achieve any shade of tan you prefer, for it blends perfectly with your own favorite powder. No oils—no creams—no liquids—no bother!

Simply swell! And one dollar will buy you a large box! (at drug and department stores everywhere)

NEW! SMART!

Tangee—the world's most famous lipstick—may now be had in a superb case of gold and black enamel. Distinctive, aristocratic—a smart creation for the modern woman. Price $2.50, Refills $1.

OTHER TANGEE PREPARATIONS

Tangee Lipstick, in gunmetal case, $1, Tangee Rouge Compact, 75¢, Tangee Crême Rouge, $1, Tangee Day Cream, $1, Tangee Night Cream, $1, Tangee Face Powder, $1. Tangee Face Powder also in these shades: Peachblow (Flesh), Rose, Cream, Rachel and White.

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY
417 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

TANGEE TAN

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Dark Duel, by Marguerite Steen (*Stokes*). Realistic picture of London's artistic set; and a good story.

A Man Scans His Past, by M. Constantin-Weyer (*Macaulay*). A Frenchman writes exceedingly well of his adventures in the Canadian Northwest. The Goncourt Prize novel of 1929.

Visitors to Hugo, by Alice Grant Rosman (*Minton, Balch*). Nice respectable reading for the veranda.

Portrait of a Spy, by E. Temple Thurston (*Doubleday, Doran*). Novel built on the adventures of Mata-Hari, and more convincing than the original.

Vivandière!, by Phoebe Fenwich Gaye (*Liveright*). Historical romance of the Grand Army in Russia. The background is real but the plot is movie.

The Lady of Laws, by Susanne Trautwein (*Elliot Holt*). Story of a vigorous and intellectual lady of the Renaissance; with bold drama and one fine character study.

Little Caesar, by W. R. Burnett (*Dial Press*). A go-getting gang leader puts murder on a business basis.

Crescendo, by Ethel Mannin (*Doubleday, Doran*). Complexes, inhibitions, and whatnots. Especially whatnots.

Pagan Interval, by Frances Winwar (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Modern drama against a pagan background, but not up to "South Wind."

The Mountain Tavern, by Liam O'Flaherty (*Harcourt, Brace*). If you have infinite patience with Irishmen—especially literary Irishmen—this collection of stories and satire may interest you.

Less recent:

Salt Water Taffy, by Corey Ford. Illusion, by Arthur Train. Tides, by Count Edouard von Keyserling. The Boroughmonger, by R. H. Mottram. Wolf Solent, by John Cowper Powys. No Love, by David Garnett. Young Mrs. Greeley, by Booth Tarkington. All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque. The King Who Was a King, by H. G. Wells. The Green Parrot, by Princess Marthe Bibesco. Loose Ladies, by Viña Delmar. Banjo, by Claude McKay. Awake and Rehearse, by Louis Bromfield. Cold Steel, by M. P. Shiel.

Mysteries

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

Detective Duff Unravels It, by Harvey O'Higgins (*Liveright*). . . . The Bagshot Mystery, by Oscar Gray (*Macaulay*). . . . The Green Toad, by W. S. Masterman (*Dutton*). . . . From Dusk Till Dawn, by William Garrett (*Appleton*). . . . The Web of Murder, by Austin J. Small (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . The Sting, by William Le Queux (*Macaulay*). . . . Sleeping Dogs, by Carolyn Wells (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . The Face in the Night, by Edgar Wallace (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . Peril, by Lloyd Osbourne (*Doubleday, Doran*).

General

War Bugs, by Charles MacArthur (*Doubleday, Doran*). Hitherto suppressed adventures of the Rainbow Division. Very funny slapstick comedy.

Tracking Down the Enemies of Man,

Just Published

Contract Bridge

Bidding and the Club Convention by

Harold S. Vanderbilt

Mr. Vanderbilt originated the present system of Contract Bridge scoring and the Club Convention. This book presents an original analysis of that Convention always played by Mr. Vanderbilt, and illustrates its extraordinary possibilities in both game and slam bidding. It is written for the Auction player of average ability, who is just taking up Contract, as well as for the advanced student of the game.

WITH COMPLETE RULES OF THE GAME

$2.50 *at all bookstores*

Charles Scribner's Sons
New York

THE
ESSEX & SUSSEX
SPRING LAKE NEW JERSEY
DIRECTLY ON THE OCEAN

A RESORT HOTEL of distinctive superiority. Two 18-hole golf courses. Hot and cold salt water baths. Furnished cottages with hotel service. Now Open.

C. S. KROM, *Manager*

Telephone: Spring Lake 255

Booklet, Floor Plan and Rates on Application

Hospitality that is unique

WESTERN VIEW FARM
NEW MILFORD, CONN.

83 miles from Columbus Circle
Elevation 1,000 feet
TENTH SEASON
$8.00 a day—$49.00 a week
Phone New Milford 440

RIDING SWIMMING TENNIS

Horoscopes

Interviews by appointment . . $5.00
Written Horoscope . . . $10.00

Frances M. Courtney
21 Fifth Avenue New York
Tel.: 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Gramercy 3796

An apartment hotel where the dream of fine living *comes true!*

A few Maisonettes with private Street Entrances and Simplex or Terraced Duplex Apartments Unfurnished or Furnished—Transient or Lease. Complete Hotel Service.

THE DORSET
THIRTY WEST FIFTY-FOURTH
Adjoining Fifth Avenue

IN WESTPORT CONN AND GREENWICH TOO on the post road

THE OPEN DOOR INN
For Discriminating People
TEL. GREENWICH 2171

SHORTHAND
SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS
MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

The Alviene 35th YEAR DRAMA-DANCE
ELOCUTION, MUSICAL COMEDY, STAGE DANCING, TALKING PICTURES
Adv. Directors Wm. A. Brady Sir John Martin-Harvey J. J. Shubert Alan Dale, Jr.
Art of SINGING, Elective Courses for Stage-Teaching, Directing, and Personal Culture (Appearances while learning) Student Stock Co. & Art Theatre Stress Personality, Artistry, Debuts and Placements. Diplomas. Pupils—Mary Pickford, The Astairs, Lee Tracy, Dolly Sisters, Laurette Taylor. For free catalogue address secretary
ALVIENE UNIVERSITY, 66 W. 85th St., N. Y. (Ext. 28)

by Dr. Arthur Torrance (*Sears*). Through Africa and Asia with gun and quinine.

JOHN D.; A Portrait in Oils, by John K. Winkler (*Vanguard Press*). Well-written biography of a winsome old gentleman. And a free new dime with every copy.

FOCH SPEAKS, by Major Charles Bugnet (*Dial Press*). Record of conversations between an aide-de-camp and his chief; an unusual insight into the character of a great man.

THE WATERS OF AFRICA, by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis (*Simon & Schuster*). In which Trader Horn talks better than he writes.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WITH EARL HAIG, by Sergeant T. Secrett (*Duffield*). A military valet, with the eyes of a candid and observing child, writes about his master and a stirring era. Amusing and sometimes pathetic book.

WHERE PARIS DINES, by Julian Street (*Doubleday, Doran*). A complete and amusing guide to gastronomical Paris. Invaluable if you're going abroad; heart-breaking if you're staying at home.

Less recent:

THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY, by Will Durant. RATTLING THE CUP ON CHICAGO CRIME, by Edward D. Sullivan. ANDREW JOHNSON, by Lloyd Paul Stryker. A PREFACE TO MORALS, by Walter Lippmann. ON THE BOTTOM, by Commander Edward Ellsberg. TRAVELS IN THE CONGO, by André Gide. MYTHS AFTER LINCOLN, by Lloyd Lewis. ONE MAN'S WAR, by Lieutenants Bert Hall and John J. Niles. LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS, by Comte Louis de Lichtervelde. THE HOHENZOLLERNS, by Herbert Eulenberg.

•

WEEKEND VERSES

THE ARRIVAL

There you come with luggage laden
Burdened down with grips and bags.
Do you hope to, *Gott soll hüten*,
Stay a month with all those rags?

Though you've brought a lavish wardrobe,
Though you've clothes and things galore,
You'll be borrowing our clothing
Ere this blessed weekend's o'er.

"Heavens," I can hear you saying.
"Really, I have lost my mind!
I forgot to pack pajamas
And my comb is left behind."

—NEWMAN LEVY

•

Michio Ito, the international among dancers, is becoming known in Hollywood in the most gracious manner possible. He is an Oriental-European in matters of culture and philosophy and he, in the good company of Stokowski, Krishnamurti, and others, believes Southern California to be the cradle of a spiritually and physically exalted race.—*Los Angeles Times.*

We get physically exhausted just thinking about it.

NEW NEWS!
BRUNSWICK ANNEXES TWO FAMOUS DITTY DISPENSERS

ROGER WOLFE KAHN

ROY INGRAHAM

Heigh-Ho! Ev'rybody, Heigh-Ho!
Roger Wolfe Kahn and his Orchestra all hot, hectic and harmonious. Dick Robertson croons the chorus.

Pretty Little Thing
Roger Wolfe Kahn teases you plenty as he plays this palpitating foxtrot. Frank Munn quavers the patter. 4374

That's Living
Roy Ingraham's Orchestra spreads the lyrical lowdown about livin' and lovin' as he gaily warbles the words.

Me and the Clock (and You)
A prance and dance program for makin' parlor whoopee with vocal instructions by Roy Ingraham assisted by his Orchestra. 4366

Brunswick
ELECTRICAL RECORDS

Girls.....

Your cigarette box and your lighter... your compact and your tube of BOST

THAT'S traveling light and traveling white, leaving dull care behind. Haven't you tried it yet? Well, don't be a dodo—everybody's using Bost because it's the thing to do.

The final blend of enjoyment, you know, not a stain in a trainload, and that most *interesting* test with your hanky! A jade and coral tube that's a perfect dear on the glass shelf in your bath room.

And taste, boy! That Dr. Bost knew his cigarettes, but the bouquet he wafted into his tooth paste would make old Omar's mouth water. Leaves a feeling like a breeze from a rose garden was blowing over your neat pajamed form.

Keeps them white, harmless as a harem attendant—never scratches the enamel and is good for the gums.

Old King Nick o'Tine ordered this paste dished up especially for his subjects—the Smoker's friend is right! And the finest sensation of refinement you ever have experienced.

BOST, Inc.
10 East Fortieth Street
New York

John Wanamaker
Saks—Fifth Avenue
Franklin Simon & Co.
Jas. McCreery & Co.
Stern Bros.
Gimbels
Abraham & Straus, Inc.
Jas. A. Hearn & Son
Bloomingdale's
Hahne & Co., Newark

All leading Metropolitan and Suburban drug stores

The Smoker's Friend

©1929, BOST, INC.

There's a story in that golden color

If you could see crude oils before they are refined . . . dirty, gummy mixtures—if you could see the impurities that *scientific* refining removes, you would realize at once why only the *cleanest* and *clearest* of motor oils is safe for your engine.

Texaco Golden Motor Oil is as *pure* as it looks—as fine and sturdy a motor oil as exact, *controlled* refining and filtration processes can produce. It is the final result of years of experimentation and research.

Actual day in and day out performance conclusively proves the value of Texaco Golden Motor Oil. Free from hard-carbon-forming elements, full-bodied and heat-resisting, Texaco protects pistons and cylinder walls—preserves power. As a result, engines run smoother and quieter and require less adjustment when Texaco is used consistently.

Test Texaco in your own engine!

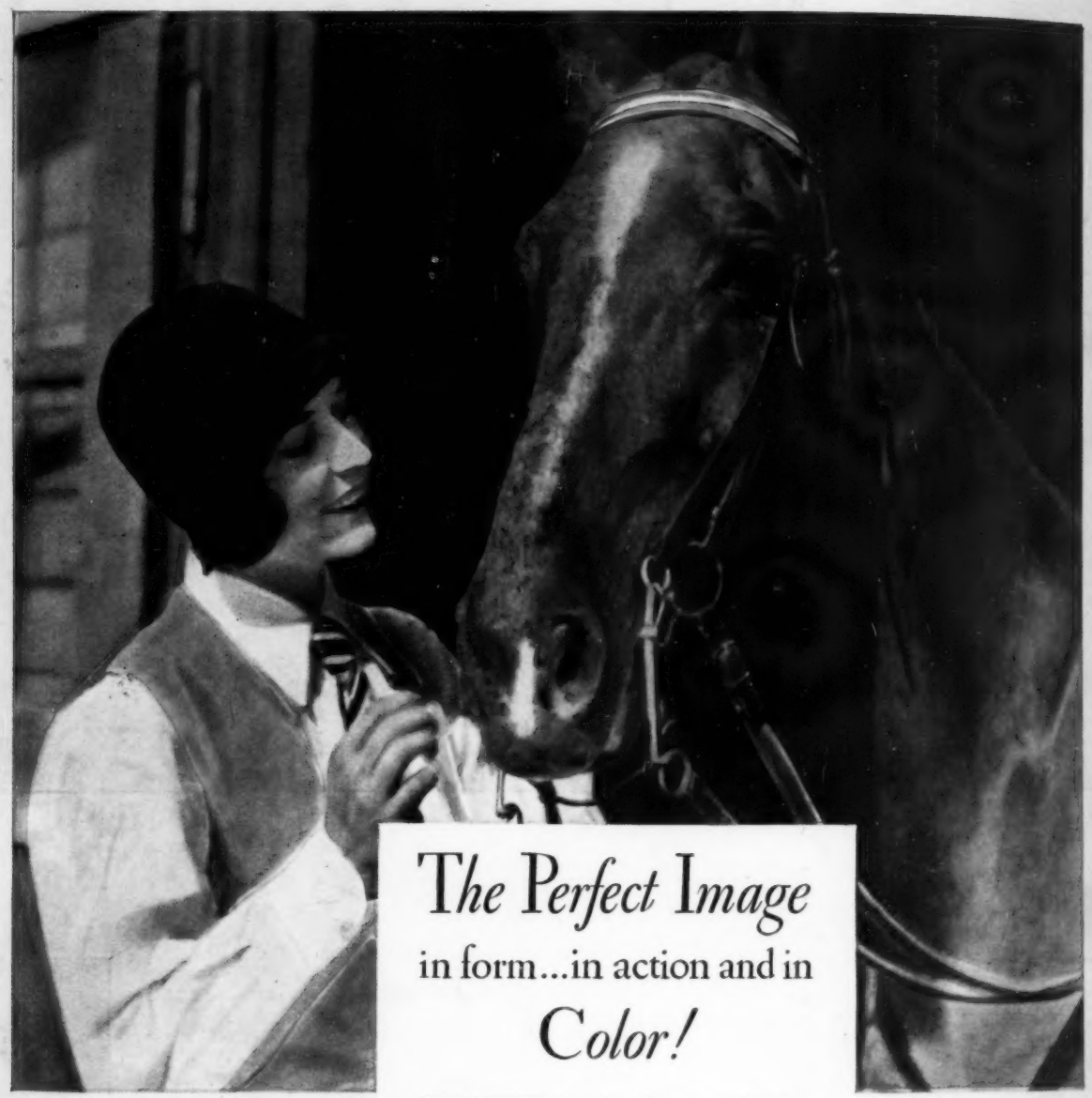
Stop under the Texaco Red Star with the Green T for Texaco Golden Motor Oil and for the *new* and *better* Texaco—a high test gasoline *at no added price.* Both are sold today in every State—everywhere uniform.

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

TEXACO
GOLDEN MOTOR OIL

FULL BODY

CLEAN-CLEAR-PURE



The Perfect Image

in form...in action and in *Color!*

IMAGINE that the picture on this page had suddenly come to life. The horse shakes his head—a wisp of auburn hair blows out from under the girl's colorful hat . . . a flush of vibrant color rises in her cheeks . . . she smiles . . . her white teeth flash against a ruby background.

Here is *action*. Here is *color*. Combined, they make the perfect *living* image—an image that home movies, thanks to Kodacolor, the sensational new Eastman achievement, will permanently record. For with a Ciné-Kodak, Kodacolor Film and the Kodacolor Filter, you or anyone else can take beautiful movies in full, natural color. It is simplicity itself—a modern miracle. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

KODACOLOR

HOME MOVIES IN FULL COLOR